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PARNASSUS,

THE

OUTLAW'S DREAM

AND

OTHER POEMS.

"The envious stars retired, the bright moon rose
And bathed the city in her mellow light."

Page 61.

BY CHARLES IVES.

NEW HAVEN.

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CHIPS FROM THE WORKSHOP.

PARNASSUS,

THE OUTLAW'S DREAM,

OR

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY CHARLES IVES.

NEW HAVEN:
HITCHCOCK & STAFFORD, PRINTERS.
MDCCCXLIII.

ENTERED,
According to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by
CHARLES IVES,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Connecticut.

TO MY CRUTCHES,—

LONG TRIED AND FAITHFUL,—

THE CHERISHED COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE,—

WHO SUSTAINED ME WITH UNWAVERING FIDELITY BY DAY,—

AND WITH A VIGILANCE THAT NEVER TIRED, A WATCHFULNESS THAT NEVER SLUMBERED, A DEVOTION PURE, DISINTERESTED, AND STEADFAST,

GUARDED MY BEDSIDE DURING THE DARK AND SILENT WATCHES OF THE NIGHT,—

WHOM NO ADULATION CAN FLATTER,—

WHOSE EQUANIMITY NO CENSURE OR ABUSE CAN DISTURB,—

WHOSE MODESTY IS ONLY EQUALED BY THEIR WORTH,—

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR OBLIGED

AND GRATEFUL FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

The author presents his grateful thanks to his friends and fellow citizens of New Haven, and to the officers and students of Yale College, for the prompt and liberal manner in which they have subscribed for his book. It is a source of deep regret to him, that his little volume is not more worthy of their attention.

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PARNASSUS,

AN INTRODUCTORY POEM.

Analysis.—A pilgrim wanders to the foot of Parnassus—the ideal mount of poetry. His appearance and character in part described. He addresses the mountain, and his voice alarms its guardian spirit. A dialogue ensues. The spirit is amused with his appearance, and astonished at his presumption. It tries to persuade him to wait the return of health and strength, before he attempts the difficult ascent. Is unsuccessful. The pilgrim thinks if blind men have succeeded, the lame ought not to be discouraged. The spirit tells him they were able to ride a bold and fiery steed called Pegasus—(the embodied fancy.) This steed the pilgrim calls for, and being willing to run all risk, the spirit agrees to gratify him, provided he answers certain questions satisfactorily. It inquires if he is rich, and upon being answered in the affirmative, tells him there is no chance for success. The pilgrim explains what he means by riches—not gold, palaces, &c., but friendship, love, and the ties of consanguinity; that time is wealth, contentment, and the power the mind possesses of appropriating and enjoying the property of another; freedom from care and fear of loss; conversing with men of genius through their works; republican institutions—this leads to "The Patriot's Song." The spirit then inquires if he has been to college. He laments that he has not. The spirit tells him he has no cause to mourn—it will not retard his success. The last inquiry is, if he is nobly born. The pilgrim replies that he was—his father and his mother's father were both sons of Vulcan. Satisfied with his answers, the spirit calls for Pegasus—describes the whip, ambition; the spur, passion; the bridle, reason; tells him he must expect to suffer want at first, and that he need not be alarmed by the self-constituted guardians at the foot who will try to frighten him; that there is no great highway, and that he must make a path for himself. The pilgrim mounts. For his success, the reader is referred to future pages and to coming years.

PARNASSUS,

AN INTRODUCTORY POEM.

I.

A YOUTH from home, and friends, and country straying
To where Parnassus lifts its head on high,
Paused at its foot, and while the mount surveying,
A tear was seen to dim his anxious eye,
And oft his laboring breast brought forth a sigh;
Like aspen leaves his bony fingers shook;
At which no one would marvel or ask why,
Could they on him, then, on that summit look;
But Hope soon banished Fear, his heart fresh courage took.

II.

I will not now describe the dress he wore,
But merely say his coat had once been new,
Its threads were villous in the days of yore,
But what its color was, no mortal knew;

Some thought it had been black, some brown, some blue—
For light and heat, air, water, and old Time,
Had greatly changed, if not improved its hue;
And when fops laughed, he did not care a dime;
No virtue it conferred, to wear it was no crime.

III.

His hat was alamode when first he bought it,
And though an exquisite might deem the brim
A little narrow, he *for years* had thought it
A paragon in shape, size, color, trim—
In fact, it was the hat that suited him;
For he had learned, from Fortune's frowns no doubt,
If he would banish Want, with visage grim,
He must, when Fashion turned right square about,
Keep all his old clothes on until he wore them out.

IV.

Lean was his visage, sickly, pale, and wan,
For fell Disease had marked him for her own;
And ere his sun one third its course had run,
Life's lamp burnt dim, and health and strength had flown;
And he was doomed to reap who ne'er had sown,
(For such is sometimes heaven's all-wise behest,)
Yet to his lips repinings were unknown;
The bitterest draught, he said, was often best,
And microscopic man complains when most he's blest.

V.

Some looked quite sad, that shook him by the hand,
They thought him hovering o'er that dark abyss
Whose depths unknown lead to the spirit-land,
Where greater ills await, or greater bliss
Than e'er was felt, or e'er conceived in this,
If holy books speak true, and holy men;
At which he smiled and said, they could dismiss
Their fears—he should not leave them yet, and when
Death came he might himself look sad—but not till then.

VI.

As noble virtues oft the bad redeem,
'Gainst none he harbored malice or ill-will,
And there were many he did much esteem;
Though warm affections cold neglect can chill,
The memory of the past he cherished still.
Nor deem that love was to his breast unknown,
Or beauty's glance could not his bosom thrill,
Admiring many, he had loved but one,
Yet cruel Fortune frowned, and bade him live alone.

VII.

The cloud-capped mountains and the stars above him,
Lakes, rivers, oceans, were his bosom friends;
But does the storm-cloud, does the damp wind love him?
Alas! their cold and chilly breath but lends

New power to torture, and to pain that rends
And racks his shattered tenement of clay,
And o'er eternity's dark gulf suspends
His brief existence: yet, perchance, they may
Be sent from some bright world to hasten him away.

VIII.

So heavy was the load himself had borne,
The cup so bitter he was doomed to quaff,
That when for little griefs he heard men mourn,
Instead of pity, he could only laugh;
And had he prayed to heaven in their behalf,
'Twould not have been that he with them might share it,
That God would stay his chastening rod or staff,
But that he'd lay it on and never spare it,
Till they had better hearts and souls and backs to bear it.

IX.

Thus war-worn veterans—wounded, maimed, and scarred;
The lone survivors of a thousand fields
Of blood and carnage—taught to disregard
The battle-shout, at which the firm earth reels,
The roar and din of conflict, and the peals
Of death from out the hoarse harsh cannon's mouth—
Thus, thus, I ween, the blood-dyed warrior feels,
Who hears the boasts of pugilistic youth,
When Bacchus fires their blood—perchance the sunny South.

X.

When base and craven souls did bow the knee
To rank, vain titles, wealth, power, pride, or birth,
He scorned their truckling, and right haughtily
Looked down upon those air-blown sons of earth,
Whose tinsel greatness oft provoked his mirth ;
His homage he reserved for God's nobless,
For heaven-born genius, and for real worth ;
Though rude and rough, like costly gems, their dress,
The diamond-hues that scintillate their worth confess.

XI.

He looked with interest on the busy world,
And pondered much upon the changing scene,
And paused where pleasure's eddying circles whirled,
And e'en o'er ruin's vortex dared to lean,
That he might there some useful lessons glean
To guide his footsteps in the coming years ;
He was not dazzled by earth's outward sheen,
And yet to him 'twas not a vale of tears,
Though 'mid its fruits and flowers apparent ill appears.

XII.

As stands the sapling which the tempest shook,
Bowed, bent, and broken by the angry blast,
Wearing in Spring the yellow, deathly look
Of Autumn, and its bright green glories cast

Like blasted hopes, marking where Ruin passed—
So stood the pilgrim; bowed but not depressed,
His ardent mind with aspirations vast,
And high was filled; and it must be confessed,
Wild, groundless seemed his hopes who thus the mount addressed:

XIII.

"Thou glorious summit where the Muses dwell,
And minstrels charm the happy hours away,
I long to tread your heights and bid farewell
To these dull plains: and on thy breast to lay
My weary head; compelled too long to stray
Amid life's dark, and damp, and gloomy vales;
And, though my heart has never known dismay,
I fain would mount where ideal bliss prevails,
Where Fancy plumes her wings, and spreads her fairy sails.

XIV.

"Far-famed Parnassus! round thy rocky base
A weary pilgrim would no longer roam,
For high above his eyes delighted trace,
Where thou dost lift to heaven thy lofty dome,
From whence those sounds of thrilling music come,
That burn and glow with such celestial fire;
These charmed the pilgrim in his distant home,
Who now, with vain presumption, would aspire
To sweep those magic strings, and wake that magic lyre."

XV.

Thus spake the youth—his loud, clear voice alarmed
The watchful spirit who long since was sent
To guard and keep the sacred mount unharmed ;
And oft their rashness pilgrims did repent,
And wish, too late, that they had been content,
Nor tried in vain to climb who scarce could crawl;
For to the spirit powerful arms were lent ;
Contempt and ridicule obeyed its call,
And e'en its very silence could the heart appall.

XVI.

Alas, that earth should blast a spirit's joy !
But this was sighing o'er its luckless doom,
To watch both night and day its sole employ.
To heaven-born spirits earth is Joy's dark tomb
Without death's quiet; 'tis a fruitful womb,
Whose children people and compose a hell !
But joys and sorrows, barrenness and bloom
Are relative ; those who were born and dwell
On Greenland's shores, do love their cold bleak mountains well ;

XVII.

And should they roam beneath a southern sky,
'Twould breed a fever in each frigid vein ;
Thus could we reach the heaven for which we sigh,
If all unchanged, we could not there remain,

But would thank God to show us earth again ;
Can mortal eyes gaze on the sun's bright light ?
Our very pleasures are increased by pain,
And were not man a weak and par-blind wight,
He would long since have learned God orders all things right.

XVIII.

How beautiful that mount to look at ! Yet
An irksome task the guardian genius had,
For countless aspirants did aye beset
The hill on every side, and all were clad
With self-sufficiency and pride—good, bad,
Indifferent ; of all that countless throng
Two thirds at least seemed fools—three quarters, mad ;
Yet some choice spirits, doubtless, were among
The host, whose hearts were pregnant with immortal song.

XIX.

Roused by his voice, perhaps by pity moved,
The spirit towards the pilgrim did advance ;
With searching looks now each the other viewed—
The spirit's mirth increased with every glance,
And laughter smiled upon its countenance :
" From whence and who art thou ?" at length it said,
" What strange, sad fortune—what mysterious chance
To this lone mountain hath thy footsteps led ?
Thou surely canst not hope those lofty heights to tread !"

XX.

Calm, cool, collected, fearless, and unawed,
With firm resolve implanted in each look,
And an indifference stoics might applaud,
No notice of the speech the pilgrim took;
But first the dust from off his clothes he shook,
Then gently asked, regardless of its frown,
"Is that Parnassus?" Spirits ill can brook
Such cold indifference—from a youth unknown
More rude it seemed, though for it custom might atone.

XXI.

"Who art thou and from whence? I asked, young man,
Which thou must answer without much ado,
Or feel a spirit's curse, and hear its ban!"
"The first already I supposed you knew,
For thy keen glance did pierce me through and through;
Names are mere sounds, before thee I now stand,
And thou canst see both what I am and who;
And I have also told my native land,
In terms e'en mortal men, if shrewd, might understand."

XXII.

His racy answer much the sprite annoyed,
But to seem angry 'twas in vain it tried,
All sternness fled before such cool sang froid;
So, casting harsher words and looks aside,

It with becoming mildness thus replied:
"Thy words are false, though specious, pert, and tart;
Hadst thou lived longer, thou hadst not denied
Man's name is oft his most important part—
But how canst thou affirm thou told me whence thou art?"

XXIII.

The youth rejoined: "Earth's sons have many ways
To answer questions, and have ye but one?
When words deceive, some action oft betrays
The hidden truth; looks tell what hands have done,
And men make known their hate to that they shun;
Dress, habits, manners speak, when mouths are shut;
As sable skins proclaim a southern sun,
My question in reply to those you put,
Declared to thee aloud: 'I'm thine, Connecticut!'"

XXIV.

"A Yankee's logic! shrewd and fitly spoken!
I might, indeed, have known from whence you came;
There is no better sign, or seal, or token
Of a true Yankee, than the one you name,
And for my dullness I am much to blame.
But what strange fancy, pray, has brought you here?
Thou canst not climb the mount, for thou art lame;
And it were new, and marvelous, and queer,
To carry 'Yankee notions' where there is no gear!

XXV.

"But you, 'tis said, are an ingenious race—
And famed for prudence; hence may have foreseen
That feeble steps cannot the mountain trace;
Or, having heard what dangers intervene—
Steep rugged cliffs, with yawning gulfs between,
And frightful horrors, painful e'en to mention—
You now have come to set up some machine,
For there appears no bounds to your invention;
Pray tell me fairly, Sir, if such is your intention?

XXVI.

"But hark ye! if so, the attempt is vain;
For though ye rib the earth from sea to sea
With iron; and to the long and loaded train
Yoke the red lightning; though the winds to thee
Yield up their strength, and thy supremacy
The rivers own—thou canst devise no mode
By which to increase the facility
Of access to the minstrel's blest abode;
But all must toil and tread where all have ever trod."

XXVII.

"You may dismiss your fears," the pilgrim said,
"Though noted is the land from whence I came
For its inventions, ye have naught to dread;
No such wild fancy ever will inflame

A Yankee's bosom, as the one you name;
Though mountains bow themselves, and valleys rise
At our dread mandate, yet the mount of Fame
Is sacred; while competing for the prize,
All short and easy modes of access we despise.

XXVIII.

"To make machines or cross roads, strongly savors
Of conscious weakness, but our lot we cast
With honorable rivals, and no favors
Ask; when the timid pause and stand aghast,
Our hopes are bright, our aspirations vast;
Although the prize may be beyond our reach,
Yet had the present ne'er excelled the past,
Could timid Caution Enterprise impeach,
And Prudence cast Hope's bold, gay bark upon the beach.

XXIX.

"Nor do I seek, in this most barren spot,
Commercial gain; to bring our far-famed ware
To such a market, were indeed a blot
On our good name. Must I to you declare
Some scaled those heights, and made a lodgment there,
Whose sightless orbs could not detect the light?
If blind men triumph, shall the lame despair?
I am, 'tis true, in a most wretched plight,
But not so bad as those who grope in endless night."

XXX.

"Although," replied the sprite, "some who were blind
Have tried to climb the mount, and have succeeded,
Yet for each Homer thousands you will find
Who left advice and protests all unheeded,
And learned too late that one thing more was needed;
They had not Milton's eyes, yet could not ride
The well known, bold, and fiery steed that he did,
And when the vain attempt they madly tried,
Soon headlong they were hurled far down the mountain side.

XXXI.

"And art thou tinctured with the same ambition?
And can it be you seriously intend
To try your fortune while in this condition?
If so, let me advise you as a friend,
Awhile, at least, this project to suspend,
Till health returning bids Disease retire,
And Strength and Vigor all their influence lend;
A sickly load soon Pegasus would tire,
Droop Fancy's wings, and quench Imagination's fire.

XXXII.

"Besides, ye know not, dream not of the toil,
The hardship, and the danger of the way,
Which oft have made the boldest hearts recoil,
When wild ambition led their feet astray.

But all must one day for their folly pay
A fearful price ; and though postponed awhile,
There's ample interest for each hour's delay.
If Vengeance seems to sleep, and Justice smile,
How soon the victim learns 'twas only to beguile!"

XXXIII.

The spirit paused—the listener's brow was knit,
His lips scorn shook, while Indignation burned
Upon his pallid cheek : "Thy words befit,"
He said, "a craven spirit, but are spurned
By one whose purpose Fear has never turned.
Go prate of hardship where the faint winds sigh—
And they may hear thee : I long since have learned
To fix my thoughts and aspirations high—
What may and can be done, we know not till we try.

XXXIV.

"Bring forth the steed! I must and will advance ;
Without some venture what can man obtain ?
Tired of her frowns, dame Fortune may, perchance,
Light with a smile her adverse face again ;
Men call her fickle, and the changing vane
Is thought her symbol ; yet she's been to me
As stable as the hills ; thus to remain
In thick-veiled darkness would unsex her ; she
A female ? Where has woman shown such constancy ?

XXXV.

" Bring forth! bring forth the steed! Thy fear and doubt
May fright the timid or deter the weak;
But had each rock a tongue—should each tongue shout
Its warning—and each note like volleyed thunder speak,
They could not shake my purpose; I will seek—
Though perils lurk in every forest leaf—
To climb the mountain to its topmost peak;
If thousands fail, there's more to share the grief;
And brighter, greener laurels crown the minstrel chief."

XXXVI.

He ceased; but still the flashing of his restless eye
Declared the settled purpose of a soul,
Resolved at every hazard to defy
Whate'er opposed his progress to the goal
On which his heart was fixed. Nought could control
His ardor—weak to do, yet bold to dare;
And 'mid defeat such boldness can console
The aching heart, and drive away despair:—
But what the spirit said my pen must now declare.

XXXVII.

" When youth and health with confidence are swelling,
It is not strange that oft they seek to climb
The mount where minstrels have their happy dwelling,
And Music, lingering on the shores of Time,

Gives birth to strains immortal and sublime ;—
But when the lily drives the rose away,
And pale Death points to heaven's more favored clime,
I marvel much that you should hither stray,
To wake earth's harsher lyres and sing a transient lay."

XXXVIII.

To this the pilgrim was about replying,
That though heaven's harps, the music of the spheres,
Might cheer the darkened prospects of the dying,
While life's red currents beat, no childish fears
Should banish joy, or cause ignoble tears,
That earth was his to-day, and he should try,
Whate'er might be his doom in coming years,
To climb the mount, however steep and high—
When thus the sprite resumed, preventing a reply :

XXXIX.

" I see your mind is fixed, and that persuasion
Can do no real or apparent good,
But thou wilt learn too late how much occasion
Existed for my counsel ; to obtrude
Such warning and advice unasked, seems rude
Perchance—my words too harsh, my looks too stern ;
But when the halt and sick false hopes delude,
I melt with pity, or with anger burn,
And am compelled to urge or force them to return.

XL.

"But thou dost call for Pegasus—a steed
That very few can ride, that few have rode;
Small, small will be thy chance, yet great thy need
Of his assistance, for though Want will goad,
And Instinct guide, where Art has made no road,
Without Ambition's whip and Passion's spur,
He sinks inactive 'neath the cumbrous load;
And then, the weak and timid to deter,
He hurls them from his back when these his mettle stir.

XLI.

"I like your courage, confidence, and zeal,
The firm resolve which nought can bend or bow,
The aspirations words and looks reveal,
The mind resolved to win, it knows not how,
And I will bring the steed if thou canst show
That thou art worthy such exalted honor,
For 'tis not every mortal we allow
To rudely gaze, much less to get upon her,
And most of those that do, are taught ere long to shun her.

XLII.

"Some questions must be asked, ere I comply;
And first let me inquire if thou art rich?"
"Crœsus himself was not more rich than I."
"Then all your hopes are vain! In Mammon's ditch

" The sordid grovel; Pegasus would pitch
And stumble 'neath the dull and heavy load;
And where the Muses dwell, there is no niche
In which the useless treasure could be stowed;
Men cannot wake the lyre when gold their hearts corrode."

XLIII.

" I little thought a spirit need be told,"
The astonished pilgrim to the sprite replied,
" That real wealth does not consist of gold.
That unbought friendship, which, when ills betide,
Like raging tempests round the mountain side,
Shines like the sun which gilds the mountain's head,
Dispels the clouds on which the storm-gods ride—
He values more whose palace is a shed,
Than all the gold that sleeps within earth's rocky bed.

XLIV.

" But who with sacrilegious hands would dare
To weigh with gold the earthly heaven of love!
What heart did ere its holy raptures share,
By moonlight on the shore or in the grove,
And then so fiendish, so inhuman prove!
A solitary, bleak, and barren isle,
If shared with one who round the heart has wove
Her charms like chains, with many an artless wile,
Would like Elisium wear one bright, unclouded smile.

XLV.

"The sire that calls the blue-eyed boy his own;
The wife that greets her infant with a kiss;
He that a brother's, sister's ties has known,
And shared a mother's love, and felt its bliss—
Are surely rich, and know what true wealth is.
Though in the world to come they dream of heaven,
Such are the joys these ties confer in this,
When called to leave the earth their hearts are riven,
Though one sure key to bliss they know to Death is given.

XLVI.

"There is one great estate God gives to all,
Though not to all alike, for he bestows
His favors with a partial hand; men call
It *Time*. When Death confers the grave's repose,
Eternal ages will, perchance, disclose
What now religion dimly shadows forth,
And some believe, some doubt, and some suppose—
Showing what mighty scenes in time had birth,
When some who people distant worlds dwelt on the earth.

XLVII.

"One little spark the moral world may melt;
A thought for ages live when we are gone;
A single act may make its influence felt
In every star round God's eternal throne;

A word, if fitly spoke, may still speak on,
And move men's minds in every age and clime;
A day—an hour—has seen vast kingdoms won—
And each and all, with eloquence sublime,
Proclaim to man the worth, the priceless worth of time.

XLVIII.

"Dollars and pounds are a fallacious measure
Of real wealth; the poorest man alive
May have his garners filled with costly treasure,
And from his broad estates each year derive
A princely income; craven souls may strive
To do him homage—for they swarm like flies
Around corruption, and on offal thrive:
He might be rich, but in his soul there lies
A burning, maudlin thirst for more, that never dies.

XLIX.

"'Tis not in splendid vessels or rich freights,
Which proudly float or line the crowded docks—
Nor in the size or value of estates,
Where many a verdant field at famine mocks—
'Tis not in lowing herds or bleating flocks,
Or treasures worshiped, hoarded, but not spent,
'Tis not in deeds, or mortgages, or stocks,
That true wealth lies: a body bowed and bent
With ingots of fine gold, is poor without *content.*

L.

"The rude, rough cabin—dingy, dark, and small—
If o'er its humble hearth Content preside,
Not the proud palace with its marble wall,
Its couch of ease, its luxury, its pride,
Where Music's voice is heard, and fair forms glide—
Can ere in wealth compete, in bliss compare,
If this one treasure only is denied;
These form the tinsel and the outward glare
Of wealth—its life, its soul, its substance is not there.

LI.

"There is in nature an agrarian law,
Which to one level brings both rich and poor—
I mean not Death, from whose insatiate maw
No treasures, honors, titles can insure,
Whose might omnivorous, all alike endure—
But the power of mind; by which, sight serves in lieu
Of ownership; all life's few wants procure,
The rich their large estates can only view,
And these the poor behold—aye, and enjoy them too.

LII.

"I gaze with rapture on the verdant fields,
It is in part for me that they are sown;
For me spring blooms, its fruits the autumn yields,
Though not a rod of land I call my own;

To title-deeds my name is all unknown,
Which saves much trouble, time, and anxious care;
Insurance, taxes, law-suits, cause no frown;
No worthless spendthrift ere can be my heir;
No deadly feuds arise where there is nought to share.

LIII.

"The splendid palace calls me not its lord;
The flower-decked cottage on the clear lake's side,
Where sylvan shades adorn the bright green sward,
And graveled walks the verdant lawns divide,
And rosy health and competence abide—
Men call not mine; and yet they yield to me
A bliss for which, perchance, their owner sighed
In vain; all that is beautiful I see—
What else—save toil and care and trouble—pray, has he?

LIV.

"When the proud city gleams with lurid light,
And loud shrill voices and the pealing bell
Grate on the hushed and listening ear of night,
And fire and smoke and flame and maddening yell
Give to the earth the semblance of a hell—
Roused by the cry, their golden visions gone,
The rich, with fears each look proclaims too well,
Inquire if with the smoke their wealth has flown—
While I, secure from loss, composedly sleep on.

LV.

" Of all that float upon the treacherous sea,
And tempt its unknown depths, its currents cross,
Not one, I trow, ere heard or cares for me,
Not one, were I to die, would dream of loss,
Feel severed friendship's pang, or love's remorse:
In ocean's dark blue depths should they go down,
Wrecked every ship, and every man a corse,
My heart, although not steeled, could hardly groan
O'er wealth, and love, and friendship it had never known.

LVI.

" When shedding—blood? O no! not blood, but ink—
Which makes no widows, leaves no orphans weeping;
Or when my fevered lips delighted drink—
From wine cups? No! O know! in them lie steeping
The roots and seeds of hell! Fiends there are keeping
Their watch for souls!—But when I quaff the lore
Of other times, and midnight winds are sweeping
Around my dwelling, I might more deplore
Their violence, had I aught to lose on sea or shore.

LVII.

" This calm, unruffled quiet; this relief
From cares that canker and corrode the soul;
This freedom from that deep, though borrowed grief,
That springs from fear of loss; this self-control,

That brings wants and desires within the goal
Of prudence and of reason; this refined,
Celestial wealth, stands first upon the roll—
Drawn from the heart, and quarried from the mind;
Should heaven bestow no more, I'll think her not unkind.

LVIII.

"O, who would mourn a lack of other treasure,
Who in the strife for gold would ere engage,
That can contrive each day to find some leisure,
To reap the wisdom of a former age,
And feast the soul on each undying page
Which genius covered with her words of fire,
When many a bard, historian, prophet, sage,
Gave birth to thoughts which never can expire,
Till the archangel's trump sounds o'er earth's funeral pyre?

LIX.

"Who can be poor, when, thronging at his call,
The sons of genius from each clime appear?
When through the printed page he gains from all
The garnered treasures of each studious year?
If for the tribute of a listening ear
Each mind yields up the lore God gives in trust,
Say—has the man who will not pause to hear
Aught that's immortal? No! Contempt, disgust
Would banish deathless spirits from such sordid dust!

LX.

" The honored fathers of my country died,
And dying left a legacy behind,
For which the world in vain for ages sighed,
And sought 'mid blood and tears, but could not find,
For clouds and darkness brooded o'er mankind.
The glorious heritage of freedom! France
Awoke and saw—but reeled and fell! Her mind,
So long immured, was blinded by one glance;
Reason run mad, and Freedom fled—her God was chance!

LXI.

" The priceless legacy of Liberty!
By tyrants banished from her ancient seats,
Beyond the Atlantic's wave compelled to flee,
Her steadfast followers from all lands she meets,
The deep dark forests yield them safe retreats,
And though pursued, from many a strong hold driven,
Yet with her spirit each brave bosom beats,
And victory crowns the chosen sons of heaven!
He needs no other wealth to whom their fame is given!"

XLII.

With patriot ardor now the pilgrim burned,
His feelings rose and kindled with his theme,
He seized the rude rough harp which he had learned,
In his far home, upon his native stream,

Without the aid of rules to wake, and deem
Its discord music; it had conspicuous hung
Across his shoulder; how his notes might seem
In such a spot he thought not, but among
Its strings his fingers ran—his voice responsive sung:—

THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

1.

When Albion's haughty rulers thought
To bind with iron bands the free,
In other climes the Pilgrims sought
A home for banished liberty.
Behind them were their father's graves—
Before, the stormy ocean's waves.

2.

The "May Flower" brought the choicest seed
That Britain's famous isles could yield; (1)
An unseen hand the Pilgrims led,
The God they worshiped was their shield.
They hardly touched the virgin earth,
When lo! it gave vast empires birth!

3.

The dawn arose on Plymouth rock—
A glorious harbinger of day!
The night of ages felt the shock,

And fled to western wilds away.
Retreating still, Pacific's roar
Will soon proclaim—"It is no more!"

4.

How like enchantment cities sprung
From out that "dark and bloody ground," (2)
Where oft terrific war-whoops rung
Within the forest's depths profound!
Where red men kept the deer at bay,
Or wily foes in ambush lay!

5.

Upon our broad and noble streams
The Indian's bark was wont to glide,
But ah! no more the rude oar gleams
Upon the gently swelling tide!
No more by summer moons they lave
Their dusky limbs beneath the wave!

6.

Their council-fires have ceased to burn
Along Atlantic's sounding shore,
And naiads o'er the lakes now yearn
In vain, to hear those strains of yore,
When far and near the echoes rung,
And maidens, love—men, war songs sung.

7.

One wave of Time—alas! but one!—
Has hallowed with their dust the ground,
And left us nought of nations gone,
Save here and there a funeral mound;
While on our plains the arrow head,
Proclaims the prowess of the dead.

8.

Why should we pause to mourn their doom?
Death may to savages be gain, (3)
And millions, shouting o'er their tomb,
Declare they have not died in vain!
Who that beholds our altars rise,
Will ere lament the sacrifice?

9.

What splendid victories were our boast!
What laurels our brave armies won,
When Britain sent her hireling host
Against the gallant WASHINGTON!
Tyrants may read on hill and plain,
Freedom ne'er draws her sword in vain.

10.

War came once more with gory hands—
Lo! where yon noble vessel rides!
What dauntless spirit now commands,

And conquers with "Old Ironsides?"
Death's late decree can nought annul!
Must I reply—*departed* HULL! (4)

11.

When, where, and how we gained renown,
Who fought, who conquered, and who fell,
On sea and land what deeds were done—
Do not our glorious annals tell?
And does not every school boy know
How JACKSON triumphed o'er the foe?

12.

O may our laurels green remain!
Our banner ne'er o'er recreants wave!
But proudly float, without a stain,
Above the free, the good, the brave!
Nor foreign foes, nor civil wars,
Disgrace its stripes, divide its stars!

13.

From age to age, till Time expires,
Let nought occur to mar our fame,
But then, as now, our altar fires
Burn with a bright and dazzling flame!
No more—no more shall Freedom roam,
She's found, at last, on earth a home!

LXIII.

The pilgrim's song from cliff to cliff ascended,
While Echo, bounding from her rocky cave,
Caught up the strain; her voice with his was blended,
But for each borrowed note she many gave;
Then all was still and silent as the grave.
Fearing his zeal had led his mind astray,
The pilgrim did the spirit's pardon crave
For this his thoughtless and obtrusive lay;
When passion bade him sing he could not disobey.

LXIV.

The spirit smiled, and answered, without chiding,
If he could make such melody below,
There was but small occasion for his riding
The famous steed, although his prospects now
Appeared more flattering than an hour ago;
"You have no gold—'tis well; such cumbrous freight
Has paved life's ocean with Hope's wrecks. But thou,
Perchance, canst Homer's deathless songs translate,
And art in college lore and parchment honors—great?"

LXV.

"Alas!" the youth replied, "Greek is to me
What to blind Homer English would have been,
If then extant—a hidden mystery!
The venerable walls of Yale I've seen

From the first dawn of childhood, and have lain
At night beneath their very shadow; they
Have often served the purpose of a screen
From the hot sun; yet there escaped no ray
To change the darkness of my mental night to day.

LXVI.

"A thousand times her graveled walks I've trod;
And where her noble elms their broad arms spread,
A thousand times reclined on the green sod;
And gazed as often on the stars which shed
Their radiance upon her; o'er my head
The winds have passed that fanned her, and her sun
Gave me its light; in nature's book I've read
From off the page that opes around her; one
Material world all have—the mental was unknown!

LXVII.

"I saw the tree of knowledge. 'Twas to me
As in the dawn of time to my great sire—
Though beautiful, forbidden. Being free,
He ate, and sinned, and fell! To see—admire—
And feel the inward workings of desire—
To gaze for hours—approach—and touch!—and taste!—
And by one act the treasure to acquire,
Was what all men would do—so did the best,
And Adam's fall the frailty of the race expressed.

LXVIII.

"I've shared his doom, and felt his curse, and would
Have been content had I enjoyed the fruit:
'Twere cheap to toil for such ambrosial food,
Which raises man above the groveling brute,
And gives to dust a godlike attribute.
But I have labored for my daily bread,
And if of knowledge not quite destitute,
It is because a few chance leaves were shed,
Which I at night have gathered, and upon them fed."

LXIX.

"It is not those whose minds are cramped by rules,"
Thus to the pilgrim now rejoined the sprite;
"'Tis not the cions of the famous schools,
Who climb the farthest up the dizzy height; ([5])
The Muses seem to take the most delight
In those on whom malignant stars look down; ([6])
Fortune's spoiled child is but their parasite,
The trencher-friend of genius, and the tone
In which he sings is borrowed, yielding no renown.

LXX.

"Some birds when caged may sing and seem to thrive,
But such, if free, would never mount on high;
Imprisoned eagles do not long survive,
Their aspirations reach the upper sky,

And on the sun they gaze with longing eye ;
When heaven's high vault they can no more explore,
Their proud wings droop, their lofty spirits die ;
But should they live, their glory would be o'er,
Transformed to barn-yard fowls, the eagles are no more.

LXXI.

" Thus genius often pines when college bred,
O'er nature's wide domains it longs to soar,
Hold converse with the stars, and fearless tread
Where mortal footsteps never trod before ;
It rears its altars on an unknown shore,
From whence its orisons to heaven ascend :—
Such is its nature ; but compelled to pore
For years o'er the dull linguist's page, and spend
Its youth and strength in chains—it finds a speedy end.

LXXII.

" Genius is freedom's child, and like its parent
Abhors all fetters, and ill brooks constraint ;
As in its nature liberty's inherent,
In college halls it oft receives a taint.
Yet gyves and chains the powers of some augment—
The servile neck seems fitted for its yoke—
But read earth's annals—mark the eminent,
Those who like Shakspeare sung, like Henry spoke—
Thou'lt find them self-made men, storm-hardened like the oak.

LXXIII.

" Would all plants prosper in one common soil?
The same degree of moisture, light, and heat
Which makes one flourish, would another spoil;
And the amount of pruning which is meet
Perhaps for this, would be for that too great;
As wide diversity exists in mind;
Who trains it well must needs discriminate,
But those to whom this duty is assigned,
Treat all alike. Are not such mental gardners blind?

LXXIV.

" Of schools and colleges and books deprived,
Men may hive wisdom and be truly learned; (7)
From whence has human knowledge been derived?
Before 'twas written was it not discerned?
Untaught mind found the food for which it yearned—
A few choice crumbs from Nature's boundless store—
No mortal yet has Wisdom ever spurned,
Who humbly asked admittance at her door,
And all the sons of men may banquet on her lore.

LXXV.

" Locks, bars, and bolts were broken by the Press—
That power which gives eternity to thought!—
To learning now, all—all may have access,
The poorest beggar need not live untaught:—

But if this knowledge were more dearly bought,
Would not the treasure be more highly prized?
Men seem content to read what others wrote,
Hear with their ears, see only with their eyes—
Bowed down with other's thoughts, O how can genius rise?

LXXVI.

"Through toil and fire gold struggles into life,
In worthless ore deep in the mountain hid;
All gems (except the first and best—a wife)
Are sought for long before they are espied,
Diamonds in sand and pearls in ocean's tide:
'Tis thus that genius often lies concealed,
But with Herculean arm it throws aside
The portal of its tomb, and stands revealed—
In native vigor strong, untaught to bend or yield.

LXXVII.

"Her sons alone climb up this sacred hill,
And not a few have made a lodgment there,
Whose deathless strains will never cease to thrill;
For Time, who levels mountains and makes bare
And desolate the valleys, can't impair
Their melody; 'twill live and breathe and burn
Forever! Cheered on by them, let none despair,
Sigh o'er their fate, for college honors mourn;
But I've one question more—pray, wert thou nobly born?"

LXXVIII.

"In what this mental phantom may consist,"
The youth replied, "men differ. While some claim
It lurks beneath a long and formidable list
Of titles, and attaches to a name,—
The others smile contempt, and cry out—shame!
Nobility and greatness is confined,
('Tis thus by far the largest part exclaim,)
To purity of heart and strength of mind,
To those whose acts improve and elevate mankind.

LXXIX.

"Though such may leave behind a flood of light,
A father's acts descend not to his son, (8)
His blood, estate, and name he may transmit,
But millions reap the fields which he has sown,
And share the glory that his deeds have won.
Thus when at eve, in robes of splendor dressed,
Behind the hills retires the setting sun,
The clouds, its offspring, lingering beams infest,
Then darkness covers all, but the green earth is blessed.

LXXX.

"Ere memory's mirror or the plastic mind
Of childhood bore a father's image—ere
The roots and tendrils of young love were twined
Around a father's heart, heaven's doom severe

Transferred his spirit to a happier sphere,
Leaving my helpless infancy bereft
Of the kind hand that should sustain and rear :—
The mother of his babes, thank God ! was left,
Though bitter was the cup her lips with firmness quaffed.

LXXXI.

" But I was nobly born—free from the load
Of titles, honors, and corrupting gold ;
' An honest man 's the noblest work of God'—
Such was my sire ; at least so I've been told,
And such is he whom I in dreams behold
And call my father. He was Vulcan's son ;
Hard were his hands, his spirit pure and bold,
For this had freedom, those had labor known :—
My mother's sire likewise had Vulcan's bellows blown."

LXXXII.

" Hold ! hold ! enough !" the spirit loudly cried,
"I will not ask, you need not answer more ;"
Then with a voice that shook the mountain side
And echoed through the woods like the loud roar
Of distant thunder—with a mystic power
That made rocks tremble like the fragile reed,
He called for Pegasus. Quick from a bower
Of gorgeous flowers came forth a fiery steed,
When thus the spirit spoke and bade the pilgrim heed :—

LXXXIII.

"This Pegasus—Imagination—Fancy—(for by all
These names the famous animal is known,)
From dangerous heights is liable to fall,
And oft the rider o'er his head is thrown:
A vagrant steed! to useless wanderings prone!
But skill and strength his rovings must restrain,
Else for neglect defeat will soon atone;
Repentance then may come, but come in vain—
Man can't restore the past, or live life o'er again.

LXXXIV.

"The whip is called Ambition. Rightly used
It will do much to speed thee on thy way,
Like every good thing it may be abused,
And many a rider it has forced astray;
On Ruin's rocks their mangled bodies lay,
Far down the precipice of Folly; there
They will remain as beacons, while Dismay
With ghastly eyes and wild disheveled hair,
Broods o'er the scene and cries with loud shrill voice—
Beware!

LXXXV.

"Of great importance thou wilt find the spur,
There's nought like this to make the courser feel,
But those who use it peril must incur;
'Tis made of Passion—not of cold, hard steel—

And fires the blood, and makes the hot brain reel:
A wise discretion should control its use,
But placed so out of sight upon the heel,
The spur is liable to great abuse,
And then, and then alone, it proves most dangerous.

LXXXVI.

"Reason has furnished Pegasus a bridle,
To guide his wanderings and his fire restrain,
Without its constant use 'twere worse than idle
To try the mountain summit to attain;
A strong firm hand should hold and guide the rein,
And every movement of the steed direct.
Ambition, passion, reason—these though vain
And impotent for good alone, effect
Most grand results combined—though some with them are wrecked.

LXXXVII.

"All must expect, while toiling up the steep,
To meet ten thousand thorns for every flower;
Those who their lyres upon the summit sweep,
Have nought to fear; but few at first procure
E'en food for nature's cravings, and endure
Lean hunger's pangs, the wretchedness of want; (°)
In all save conscious strength and hope most poor,
The pilgrims with resistless ardor pant,
And haggard Famine goads them up the steep ascent.

LXXXVIII.

"Lying in ambush round the mountain's base,
Self-constituted guardians of Parnassus swarm, ([10])
Debarred from joining they would judge the race,
And all to their ideas must needs conform;
When armed with common sense they do less harm,
(This useful weapon is on some conferred,)
But many a youth their blusterings alarm,
And some who might have climbed have been deterred—
But spur thy courser on—bold riders are preferred.

LXXXIX.

"There is no great highway, no beaten track,
To guide the wanderer to the minstrel's grot;
Of scattered, rambling footprints there's no lack—
All such avoid—pass on, and heed them not:
Who tamely follow, wander far remote,
And never reach the precincts of the Nine,—
Their labor lost—their names and deeds forgot—
Their tomb an empty and deserted shrine—
Oblivion their pall, 'neath which no laurels twine.

XC.

"Seek, then, no hackneyed road, avoid the throng,
With dauntless courage those must be imbued,
Who strive to join the deathless sons of song:
Pierce the dark depths of deepest solitude,

Where nought to mar your progress can intrude,
And make yourself a path amid the gloom;
Self-taught all lurking dangers to elude,
The frowning precipice, the torrent's foam,
The yawning gulf you'll cross, and reach the minstrel's home."

XCI.

The eager pilgrim paused not to reply,
But thanked the spirit for his counsel sage,
Then tried to mount—but Pegasus was shy
Of such a strange and uncouth personage:
But soon its timid fears he did assuage,
And from the saddle bade the sprite farewell:—
Let Time the gray-beard, and each coming page,
Proclaim the secret they alone can tell—
How high the pilgrim climbed, and what at last befell.

NOTES TO PARNASSUS.

Note 1.—Patriot's Song, Stanza 2, p. 34.

"The 'May Flower' brought the choicest seed
That Britain's famous isles could yield."

Allusion is here made to a remark which I have often seen quoted, that "God sifted three kingdoms in order to obtain the pure wheat for the planting of America."

Note 2.—Patriot's Song, Stanza 4, p. 35.

"How like enchantment cities sprung
From out that 'dark and bloody ground.'"

The phrase "dark and bloody ground" was originally applied by the Indians to Kentucky, from the number of sanguinary contests which had occurred upon her soil. No reader of American history will question the propriety of its application in the text to our whole country.

Note 3.—Patriot's Song, Stanza 8, p. 36.

"Death may to savages be gain."

The condition of the Indians in the world of spirits forms an interesting subject for speculation; but as the truth or fallacy of our ideas upon this subject can never be decided in time, and as the materials upon which to ground our belief are so scanty, the writer confesses his ignorance, and expresses no opinion. Preferring, however, to look at all times upon the sunny side of objects, and to give to the creations of fancy a pleasant and agreeable character, he only expresses the hope, that those rude and unlettered men may have so seen the Great Spirit in his works, and hearkened to his voice as it came with sweet incense

on the breeze,—or ascended from the verdant banks of the winding river, and the deep bed of the mountain torrent,—or shook the earth with awful sublimity from the cloud—as to have more than realized the fond dream of happiness with which they solaced themselves while living; and that they may now be roaming the beautiful banks of some celestial river, quaffing joys from unfailing fountains, relieved from the necessity of guarding against the white man's avarice, and avenging the red man's wrongs.

Note 4.—Patriot's Song, Stanza 10, p. 37.

"Death's late decree can nought annul!
Must I reply—*departed* Hull?"

These lines were written last winter, soon after the intelligence was received of Com. Hull's decease at Philadelphia. As I could not refer to all who distinguished themselves during the last war with Great Britain without making the song too long, I have merely alluded to Com. Hull, who *commenced* the war with a brilliant victory on the ocean, and to Gen. Jackson, who fought the *last* battle at New Orleans, and achieved a victory whose brilliancy is unparalleled in the history of modern war.

Note 5.—Stanza LXIX, p. 40.

"'Tis not the clons of the famous schools
Who climb the farthest up the dizzy height."

I refer to Homer, the greatest poet of antiquity; to Shakspeare, the greatest dramatic writer that the world has seen; to Pope, who is without a rival in the field of didactic poetry; and to Burns, the idol of his own country, and the admired of all others. I believe that it will generally be found that those who have courted the muses with success, and were educated at the universities, have looked back with disgust upon the drudgery of college life. This was eminently so of Byron, and what its effect was on the free spirit of the author of Paradise Lost, may be inferred from the fact that he was one of the last upon whom the penalty of corporeal punishment was inflicted. The mode of training and the studies pursued in our literary institutions, may be serviceable to many, but I am inclined to think them unfavorable to the development of original genius, and not adapted to the intellectual wants and aspirations of the poetic mind.

NOTE 6.—STANZA LXIX, p. 40.

"The muses seem to take the most delight
In those on whom malignant stars look down."

HOMER and MILTON were both blind. The former was an itinerant rhapsodist, and the latter was for some time a schoolmaster. At the restoration of Charles the Second, Milton considered his life in danger and remained concealed until the passage of the "Act of Oblivion." He was twice married, but was not very fortunate in his alliances. His first wife very soon deserted him, but afterwards returned and lived with him till her death. POPE'S life was a continued disease. He was deformed, and always suffered from great bodily weakness. SCARRON, a French burlesque poet, having appeared at the carnival of 1638 as a savage, his nudity attracted the attention of the multitude; he was hunted by the mob, and being compelled to retreat, he secreted himself in a marsh. "A freezing cold seized him, and threw him, at the age of twenty-seven, into a kind of palsy; a cruel disorder which tormented him all his life." "It was thus," he says, "that pleasure deprived me suddenly of legs which had danced with elegance, and of hands which could manage the pencil and the lute." Balzac said of Scarron, that "he had gone further in insensibility than the stoics, who were satisfied in appearing insensible to pain; but Scarron was gay, and amused all the world with his sufferings." For some account of the calamities of RICHARD SAVAGE, who was dogged by misfortune from his cradle to his grave, the reader is referred to "Johnson's Lives of the British Poets." AKENSIDE was a butcher till the age of twenty-one, when a wound produced from the fall of a cleaver, confined him to his room, and led him to devote his time to study. Sir WALTER SCOTT had a club-foot, and LORD BYRON'S right foot was deformed. That this stimulated his lordship's literary ambition is clearly indicated in the "Deformed Transformed." He says:

"Deformity is daring.
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For step-dame nature's avarice at first.
They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune,
And oft, like Timour, the lame Tartar, win them."

The author of Childe Harold was also unfortunate in his marriage, for his wife after living with him a year returned to her father's residence, and he saw her no more. These and other calamities which might be mentioned, doubtless did much to make those who experienced them the men that they were. That which appears to our short-sighted and superficial minds to be a misfortune, is made by a wise and overruling Providence, to minister to our happiness and glory. It was the difficulties with which our father's contended—their persecution at home, their perils upon the ocean, the wilderness to be subdued, the tribes to be conquered, the rights with sleepless vigilance to be guarded, and the foreign armies to be captured or destroyed—that enabled them to lay the foundations of an empire whose free institutions and unexampled prosperity are alike the wonder and admiration of the world. See note 9, p. 56.

Note 7.—Stanza LXXIV, p. 42.

"Of schools and colleges and books deprived,
Men may hive wisdom and be truly learned."

The lives of distinguished men abound with anecdotes which show what vast acquisitions can be made of useful knowledge, under circumstances the most adverse, and difficulties apparently insurmountable. There is no young man, whatever may be the obstacles with which he is surrounded, that may not, by a careful improvement of the scraps and odd ends of time, become truly learned. Let not the laboring man sigh for the benefits of literary institutions which are beyond his reach. Let not those whose hands are hardened by the honorable toil which secures them a subsistence, harbor vain regrets, or despair of satisfying the aspirations of a mind which pants for that wisdom which expands, improves, ennobles, and elevates. Those err exceedingly who suppose it necessary to pursue a certain prescribed course of study, under the direction of a chartered coterie of distinguished men, within the classic walls of some time-honored institution, in order to secure the highest literary attainments. These may serve as valuable auxiliaries, but they are far from being essential. There is no mystery about the thing, but every man, in college or out, must make himself. It is by study—by mental labor—by "the sweat of the brow," that knowledge is acquired. On the printed page we have the collected observations and experience of others; but with no book save the book of Nature—with no guide but reason—with no instructor but God—much, very much may be ac-

complished. The poorest child, however, at the present day may obtain books, and the rudiments of education; and it has been truly remarked, that he who can write and read, and has a knowledge of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, *may learn any thing*. The greatest linguist of this, or perhaps any age, is a blacksmith, who has acquired a knowledge of some thirty different languages, though toiling eight hours a day at the anvil; and yet he has not passed the meridian of youthful manhood. In our own city, ROGER SHERMAN, one of the illustrious signers of the Declaration of Independence, worked as a journeyman shoemaker after he was twenty-one years of age. JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, learned to read after he was twenty years of age. Dr. HERSCHELL, whose discoveries have caused his name to be written among the stars, was once a fifer boy in the British army. GIFFORD, who was for several years the learned and talented editor of the London Quarterly Review, was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and has given an interesting account of his poverty and perseverance; but I have only room for a single sentence; he says: "I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink, and paper, therefore, were for the most part as far out of my reach as a crown and scepter.—* * * * I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrote my problems upon them with a blunt awl; for the rest my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent." Pope ADRIAN, the sixth, was the son of a barge builder. Being unwilling that the night should pass by unimproved, and unable to procure lights, he was in the habit, when a boy, of availing himself of the public lamps at the corners of the streets, and in the porches of churches. Probably ninety-nine out of a hundred of the distinguished men of our own country, have risen from the depths of poverty and obscurity. It is an encouraging fact, and its influence will tell with mighty power upon the destiny of our young republic, that the two brightest names on our annals are those of self-made men. The one with only a common school education, baffled, defeated, and captured with undisciplined troops, without money, and almost without arms, the most skillful generals of the most powerful nation in Europe, at the head of armies elated with the remembrance of former victories, and confident in their well known superiority in military knowledge and experience, and in all that constitutes the sinews of war. The other, a mechanic, who, devoting the intervals of labor to study, acquired an earthly immortality, and lived to

see himself ranked, by the unanimous consent of the civilized world, among the most distinguished philosophers, statesmen, and sages.

NOTE 8.—STANZA LXXIX, p. 44.

"Though such may leave behind a flood of light,
A father's acts descend not to his son."

IPHICRATES, a distinguished Athenian general, who, according to Rollin, "is ranked among the greatest men of Greece," was the son of a shoemaker. He first served as a private soldier. The king of Thrace gave him his daughter in marriage. When reproached before the judges for the baseness of his birth, by one who prided himself upon an illustrious ancestor, he replied with all the force and eloquence of truth, "The nobility of my family *begins in me;* that of yours *ends in you.*"

NOTE 9.—STANZA LXXXVII, p. 47.

"But few at first procure
E'en food for nature's cravings, and endure
Lean hunger's pangs, the wretchedness of want."

The poverty of authors, and especially of poets, is proverbial. After they have acquired a reputation, (which is a Herculean labor that requires time,) their poverty is generally the effect of improvidence, and a want of worldly wisdom. But I ascertained the other day from sources entitled to credit, that in this country even those poetical works which are applauded, do not always sell.

OTWAY, "one of the first names in the English Drama," died at the early age of thirty-four, "in a manner," says Dr. Johnson, "I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terrors of the law, he retired to a public house at Towerhill, where he is said to have died of want; or as is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied." Johnson says, there are grounds for believing this account of his death incorrect, but that it has never been denied, "that indigence and its concomitant sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him." PETER CORNEILLE, a great French dramatic writer, died in extreme poverty, though his literary labors had been well rewarded. DRYDEN wrote to live, and supported himself by his pen. GOLDSMITH was always poor, though he

received large sums from his works. He was improvident and addicted to gaming. Having little money he traveled generally on foot, and being something of a musician, he frequently initiated himself into the good graces of the peasantry, and obtained food and lodgings, by playing upon the flute. When SAVAGE was engaged upon his first tragedy, he was for a considerable part of the time "without lodgings, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or streets allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident." He died in prison, where he had been confined for debt. CRABBE went to London in 1780, at the age of twenty-six, and found upon his arrival, that he was "master of a box of clothes, a small case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in money." He was soon reduced to the extremity of want. He spent all his money, sold his clothes, pawned his watch, and got in debt to his landlord. He applied in a fortunate moment to Mr. Burke—whose zeal and eloquence in the British House of Commons in behalf of our country, during the controversy which resulted in an acknowledgment of its independence, has rendered his name familiar and sacred to the American reader,—left with him a letter and some specimens of his poetry, and being unable to sleep, spent the following night in walking back and forth upon Westminster Bridge. Mr. Burke perceived and appreciated his merit, received him under his own roof, interested himself in his welfare, and through his influence with government, obtained for him an appointment in the Church, and Crabbe returned in 1781 as Curate to his native Aldoborough. BURNS was always a poor man, but being an expert farmer, was never reduced to the extremity of want. LORD BYRON had eight or nine executions levied upon his property within twelve months after his marriage. The above may serve as specimens; the list might be greatly extended.

NOTE 10.—STANZA LXXXVIII, p. 48.

"Lying in ambush round the mountain's base,
Self-constituted guardians of Parnassus swarm."

Fair and judicious criticisms I would by no means condemn; but how often is it that those who sit in judgment upon the literary labors of others, pass by unnoticed a thousand beauties, that they may hold up to

contempt and ridicule a single defect? Such men would blot the sun from our system, and leave the earth and its fellow travelers through space in darkness, because by a nice examination dark spots are discovered upon its disc. No human production is perfect, and it requires but little talent to discover defects in the writings of the most distinguished authors. Denunciation is within the reach of all, and to many it is pleasant, because it carries with it an air of superiority. They pronounce the sentence of condemnation with a dogmatism equaled only by their ignorance and want of ability to appreciate true merit. It frequently happens that critics with the best intentions "see what isn't to be seen," and discover defects which would vanish if considered with more enlarged views, and examined with optics less contracted. A friend in reading "The Patriot's Song," (p. 34,) paused after reading,

> "One wave of time—alas! but one!
> Has hallowed with their dust the ground."

"Why say," said he, "'Alas! but one'? Why is not one wave as good as more?" And when I replied that I thought it a melancholy reflection, that man was such an insignificant being that it required but one wave of time to depopulate a continent, he said my answer was satisfactory, but he doubted if the idea would occur to many upon reading the song. There is some truth as well as poetry in these lines of Pope:

> "The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
> Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit;
> How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
> The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
> Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse, shall see,
> When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea."

THE OUTLAW'S DREAM,

OR THE

OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

ANALYSIS.—A moonlight night described. The Serenader's Song. Reflections upon sleep. The Outlaw discovered sleeping under an elm. Short sketch of his history. The gradual approach of vice. "The Outlaw's Dream." He visits in imagination his home beyond the Atlantic. The sunny days of love come back to him. The vision changes; he is a happy father and his children are around him. Again it changes; he is carried back ten years to the time when, being about to commence life for himself, his father gave him the fruit of his experience, and he recalls to mind "The Old Man's Counsel." Dangers cluster around the path of life. Real misfortunes can be borne, but imaginary troubles are as boundless as the creations of fancy. The imagination can also amuse us with ideal happiness. Evils are blessings in disguise, and are never too great to be endured. Afflictions should be borne with fortitude—hardy bodies and free spirits nursed among mountains. The violation of the laws of his nature, the cause of most of man's woes. Self love. Virtue preferable to vice in this world. All our appetites and passions good, if not abused. Woman's worth. The origin of Love. Reason given to man as a lamp to guide him, and should be used freely and fearlessly. Its future triumphs. Man's comparative insignificance. His future progress. Should study nature. The voices of nature. A digression upon Great Britain. Her conduct in regard to slavery, the slave trade, China, &c. The dream resumed. Nought exists in vain. The ore hill. Man first looked upon the ocean with alarm. The ocean's address. Its increased importance, now that the earth is peopled. Inventive genius. The silk-worm's homily upon death. The Outlaw wakes. His resolution to reform.

THE OUTLAW'S DREAM,

OR

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

"Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy."—BYRON.

I.

How mild, and clear, and still that lovely night!
The envious stars retired—the bright moon rose,
And bathed the city in her mellow light,
Whose beams enhance each beauty they disclose;
The winds were soothed and lulled into repose;
Hushed was the voice of man, and beast, and bird;
But in the distance, where yon river flows,
The water's rushing melody was heard—
Blame not the humble bard that he such scenes preferred.

II.

He left his midnight lamp, then dimly burning,
Alone to wander through each silent street,
Until Aurora ushered in the morning,
And bade the lingering shades of night retreat;

He felt those charms, so holy and so sweet,
That cannot bide the light and noise of day,
And every pulse with which his bosom beat,
Spoke of another world, and seemed to say,
There's something deathless here that longs to be away.

III.

On earth, and air, and the clear sky, seemed graved
A voiceless eloquence, whose hidden power
The listening soul, but not the ear, perceived:
O! there was something heavenly in that hour,
For earth too lovely, and for man too pure!
The world awhile appeared to lose its curse,
And man seemed bound, like an immortal flower,
To the great spirit of the universe,
And with unseen exalted natures to discourse.

IV.

How great the change a few brief hours had wrought
In that fair city! Where was the noisy crowd
That filled its busy streets? the men who sought
For wealth, for power, for fame? the poor, the proud,
The humble, and the gay? Where was the loud
And joyous laugh of youth and health? All—all
Were gone! Had Death been there? and was his shroud
Those pale soft moonbeams? and his darkened pall
Those shadows? Where were the ruins?—where the mouldering wall?

V.

No! O no! This was not the work of Death,
But of Death's kinsman—Sleep; whose throne is reared
Above earth's surface—Death has his beneath,
But from above his subjects are transferred;
The first is courted, while the last is feared;
Their powers are one in kind—not in degree;
A world of dreams on Sleep has been conferred,
But from all dreams kind Death will set us free,
And yet it is a fearful, solemn thing to die.

VI.

Through the dim vista of the coming years
I gaze with mournful but prophetic eye;
This hallowed spot before my mind appears—
But ah! how changed! grief blends her piercing cry
With sorrow's tears—but ask—O ask not why!
The sad but pleasing stillness is the same;
One solitary stranger I descry
Musing o'er ruins then without a name!
Palmyra, Thebes, Palenque—these our doom proclaim.

VII.

That night their fate had seemed already ours—
So deep the stillness, such the shadowy gloom—
But here and there, where deeper darkness lowers,
The dim lamp burns within the sick man's room,

In whose fast waning light he reads his doom;
Some struggling rays, from curtained window seen,
Declare the city is not yet a tomb:—
O grant, great God! it may unharmed remain,
But if Decay must come, let ages intervene!

VIII.

But hark! I hear a strain of music float
On the still air like the glad melody
Of heaven—list! list! it did not seem remote,
Yet now 'tis gone! Mere fancy could it be?
Or has some captive spirit been set free,
And o'er its prison-house commenced its song—
Its joyous song of God and liberty?
Sing! heavenly voyager—if thy spirit-tongue
I heard—O sing thy song again! its notes prolong!

IX.

Perchance some spirit, passing in or out,
A moment heaven's high portal left ajar,
From which escaped the angel chorus shout,
That sounded through all space, from star to star;
But earth, removed from perfect bliss so far,
Caught the last echo of the glorious strain:—
O! if our world would not the music mar,
Leave, ye fair seraphs! leave the door again!
Will ye not hear my prayer? and must I cry in vain?

X.

But hark! it sounds once more! Through shadows dim
And dark a form appears. Let me draw near.
Human it seems in shape and size and limb—
In voice, a wanderer from a higher sphere.
If it be mortal, what has brought it here
At such an hour? But list! again the song
In notes both loud, melodious and clear,
Ascends from feeling heart and amorous tongue—
Night's pleased and listening train the lover's notes prolong:

THE SERENADER'S SONG.

1.

O let the Muse inspire my numbers,
And melody her aid impart,
For she that o'er my head now slumbers,
Has twined her charms around my heart.

2.

Sleep on! my love, kind spirits hover
Above the couch where beauty lies,
Sleep on! sleep on! though to thy lover
Sleep now her soothing balm denies.

3.

Love's snares are hid among thy tresses,
Thine eyes have caught the charmer's spell,

My throbbing heart their power confesses,
And looks proclaim what lips conceal.

4.

On ocean's shore, on winding river,
In forest's depths I vainly stray,
Love's gilded chain I cannot sever,
Nor drive the wily god away.

5.

That form, all other forms excelling,
That voice so sweet, that face so fair,
That breast with truth and beauty swelling—
Where'er I roam, they haunt me there.

6.

The darkest night has naught appalling,
I only think and dream of thee,
And now, though chilly dews are falling,
They feel not cold and damp to me.

7.

Tell me, fair dreamer! dost thou love him
From whom thy charms have banished sleep?
Is there an answering heart above him?
A love as strong, as pure, as deep?

8.

When at God's throne in prayer he's kneeling,
His lips, unconscious, lisp thy name ;
Say—dost thou know a kindred feeling ?
Does thy heart burn with kindred flame ?

9.

O who, love's tender tale confessing,
Seals his devotion with a kiss ?
O who is fancy now caressing ?
His name would make or mar my bliss !

10.

Ye guardian angels, O assist her !
And fan the sparks of love with flame !
Ye sylphs who oft unseen have kissed her,
Write on her heart the minstrel's name !

11.

Sleep on, my love ! kind spirits hover
Above the couch where beauty lies,
Sleep on ! Sleep on ! though to thy lover
Sleep now her soothing balm denies.

XI.

Tread lightly now—pass on—and leave the lover
To songs and sighs, to hopes and doubts and fears,
Soon will his golden dreams of bliss be over,
Lost 'mid the shadows of the coming years;
That form which now to his fond eye appears
So faultless, pain will rack and old age bow;
That flushed and laughing cheek salt, bitter tears
Will bathe and bleach; perchance love's broken vow,
The vow of him that sung, may make those fountains flow.

XII.

Depart ye gloomy fears! away! away!
Sleep—ye whose dreams are joyous—O sleep on!
And quaff hope's sparkling wine cup while you may;
Bask in the light, enjoy youth's morning sun,
Nor mourn an unknown fate ye cannot shun;
Despair's dark cave leave to the anchorite,
Fear not the darkness ere the day is gone;
Remembrance of past joys will be your light,
When long and lengthening shades declare the approach of night.

XIII.

Mysterious sleep! what power like thine can bind
Earth's warring thousands in one welcome chain!
Round bitter foes thy fetters now are twined—
When daylight sets them free they'll war again.

Thou mighty leveler! whose strength makes vain
The lordling's power, the wisdom of the sage;
The rich and poor alike thy aid obtain;
And cradled infancy, and hoary age,
And manhood's strength, are thine; thou canst each grief assuage.

XIV.

How sweet the traveler's rest at day's decline,
When pleasure lures him to a foreign shore,
Or pale wan cheeks for genial climates pine,
Dreaming their faded beauties to restore;
Or wisdom tempts him with her priceless lore,
Or fame's loud voice, or glory's magic wand,
Or the bright gold which Mammon keeps in store,
His time, his talents, and his life demand,
And banish him awhile to some far distant land.

XV.

On grassy hillock rests perchance his head,
Beneath the branches of some forest tree,
Or downy feathers may compose his bed,
But if his host with guests is crowded, he
May thank kind fortune for a hard settee,
For soon the traveler learns in any place
To make a virtue of necessity,
And though unwooed, Sleep comes with welcome face,
His wasted strength revives—he lives in her embrace.

XVI.

When wild Ambition with her restless fires
Invades the youthful heart, and to the brain
A frenzied zeal imparts, that never tires
If but a ray of light from that proud fane
Surmounting Fame's proud temple shall remain—
The toil-worn veteran, in his morning dreams,
Forgets his woes, his poverty, his pain,
While round his name a deathless halo gleams,
Inscribed on Glory's page with Truth's effulgent beams.

XVII.

Fame's clarion notes proclaim at last his worth,
And Fancy wafts the praises he has won,
Each rising hill-top and each vale of earth
That e'er was painted by a genial sun,
Where'er the sea has bounds or rivers run,
His name is treasured and his deeds are told;
There virgins chant the praise his own begun,
And—such the printer's art, the power of gold—
When numbered with the dead, his "Life" is bought and sold.

XVIII.

But hush! who have we here—unhoused, alone,
And friendless? Each lone bird has found his nest
Each beast his den—and has God's image none?
On the damp earth—it is his mother's breast!—

He finds sweet slumber and refreshing rest,
Who in more prosperous days has known the charms
Of polished life; whose hands the noble pressed,
Whose lips the beautiful! Free from law's alarms,
The Outlaw sleeps in peace beneath the elms broad arms.

XIX.

All bright and cloudless rose his morning sun,
And doting parents fondled o'er their child,
And oft and long they talked of what he'd done,
Repeated all his thoughts, crude, strange, and wild,
And with his childish sports the hours beguiled;
Now told him stories of the olden time,
Then with grave mien and solemn voice, but mild,
They spoke of truths, high, holy, and sublime,
And bade him shun the flowers which hide the thorns of crime.

XX.

He grew to manhood and repaid their care,
New lustre gathered round their ancient name,
The father gazed with pride upon his heir,
Booked for promotion on the rolls of Fame.
Love touched his heart, he wooed a high-born dame,
And Love's young pledges graced his cheerful hearth;
His friends were powerful, and he soon became
A ruler in the land that gave him birth,
His talents all admired, and all esteemed his worth.

XXI.

Blest are the tenants of the lowly vale,
Oppressed and wearied greatness oft has sighed
For unobtrusive joys which there prevail,
To those who tread life's heights for aye denied.
The humble barks on calm smooth rivers glide,
But those who launch their ships upon the sea,
And on life's mountain wave attempt to ride,
Oft spend their days in splendid misery,
And few, alas! escape with hearts from deep guilt free.

XXII.

Insidious vice! How treacherous thy approach!
In virtue's robes arrayed, thy stealthy tread
Excites no fear; thy proffered hand, whose touch
Pollutes, we grasp; by thy bland witcheries led,
We thoughtless follow where around lie spread
Thy ghastly victims in dark ruin's vale;
Lured by thy sorceries, myriads there have bled;
And O! what shrieks the listening ear assail!
They rise from murdered souls! It is their dying wail!

XXIII.

Birds with gay plumage flower-decked banks attract,
And gentle riples mild bland breezes kiss,
Above where madly leaps the cataract;
Enchantment reigns; all now their fears dismiss

In that gay bark, which floats in search of bliss;
Fast and more fast Hope's gaudy shallop flies;
While in advance, o'erarching the abyss,
Bright rainbows beckon with their gorgeous dyes;
Headlong they rush—they leap—I hear their dying cries!

XXIV.

All unsuspecting was the Outlaw drawn
Within the influence of the eddying whirl,
Whose outward circles lead to depths which yawn
In dark destruction's vortex; clouds of pearl,
Bordered with gold, above were seen to curl,
Veiling its horrors with their drapery;
Pride, fashion, luxury their victim hurl;
And when the crisis came, compelled to flee,
He sought in western wilds to hide his infamy.

XXV.

'Mid artificial wants from childhood nursed,
Taught but to spend the wealth that others earned,
Unused to toil, he now seemed doubly cursed,
Pride o'er the ruins more conspicuous burned,
And passions clung to him whom fortune spurned.
And oft his heart in bitter sadness sighed,
When to past scenes of joy fond memory turned,
And every want and wish was gratified—
Yet was his sleep less sweet than now by high-way side.

XXVI.

Earth is his palace—made by God's own hand ;
Its dome, its lofty dome, the clear blue sky
Pillared on mountains ; the mighty power which spanned
That glorious arch, has hung, sublime and high,
To light and deck its deep concavity,
His quenchless lamps ; unnumbered and unseen
From point to point his watchful spirits fly,
And when o'er earth Night throws her sable screen,
They guard each slumberer's couch on hill and valley green.

XXVII.

The Outlaw sleeps. The long and deep-drawn breath,
And ceaseless motion of his beating heart,
Alone proclaim 'tis not the sleep of Death ;
Life's spark is hid by Death's mild counterpart,
And should night's messengers to us report—
Who come with viewless forms and noiseless tread—
What made the sleeper move, and turn, and start,—
To other lands they'd say his mind has sped,
By roving fancy driven, by memory fondly led.

XXVIII.

I thank thee, heaven, for sleep's mysterious power,
That throws oblivion's pall o'er present woes,
And makes us all forget the clouds that lower
O'er blasted hopes that in life's morning rose,

And to our willing eyes again disclose
Scenes that the past had curtained from our view;
While voices long since hushed in Death's repose,
And once familiar forms, and hearts most true,
Appear to live again and former joys renew.

XXIX.

He treads once more the hill-encircled glen
That saw him ripen into man's estate;
Unchanged and beautiful it seems, as when
With bounding footsteps and with heart elate,
He roamed, with feelings warm and passionate,
By murmuring streamlet glistening in the sun,
Where beasts retired to drink and ruminate
When parting daylight told their task was done,—
For through the pastures green the clear bright waters run.

XXX.

The vision changes; now, in feudal hall,
Adorned with relics of a former age,
Where deeds of valor beam from storied wall,
And nurse the pride of noble parentage,
He sits at beauty's feet; no clouds presage
The fearful fury of the coming storm;
He feels love's madness—gives love's solemn pledge—
Clasps to his bosom beauty's peerless form,
Nor dreams his touch would blast and wither like the worm.

XXXI.

How dear the cottage where his children dwell!
Their childish prattle, and their sportive glee!
What transports fill his mind let father's tell,
As each he fondles on parental knee;
And much he marvels what their fate may be,
When Time shall roll some scores of years away,
And they are rocked on passion's stormy sea;
And then, in dreams, he bows himself to pray,
That they may grow in grace and all God's laws obey.

XXXII.

There where the maple throws its grateful shade,
With whitened locks and countenance serene,
On a rude seat which untaught hands has made,
His father's venerable form is seen;
And though Atlantic rolls her waves between
The happy dreamer and his distant sire,
And mountains frown, and murmuring streams complain,
He hears those tales of yore that never tire,
And sees life's wasted lamp flame up with youthful fire.

XXXIII.

Ten times had Autumn, with her blighting frost,
Embrowned the fields and stripped the forests bare;
Ten times had Spring, regardless of the cost,
Left here her mantle, and her carpet there,

That she the seeming mischief might repair,
Since sire and son met 'neath that ancient tree,
The one to hear, the other to declare
What he had found the world and men to be,
With all the strength and power of truth's sublimity.

XXXIV.

Sleep waved her wand—Time's iron grasp relaxed,
And to the present yielded up the past;
Nor as at other times was memory taxed,
Not now reluctant gave what she'd amassed;
As from their graves the dead shall rise at last,
Back to the dreamer buried counsels came:
Though all unseen, the mind had held them fast,
And now a spark brought out the latent flame,
And these forgotten words parental lips proclaim:—

XXXV.

Thy bark is launched; Hope's fairy sails are spread;
The bright waves sparkle in the morning sun,
And gently murmur, "there is nought to dread;"
To which mild winds reply, "there's nought to shun;"
And passions lend their aid to urge thee on;—
But dangers lurk beneath life's ocean tide,
And should its waves declare what they have done,
The boldest hearts would then be terrified,
And call on Age for counsel, bid Experience guide.

XXXVI.

I've seen the humble rise, the mighty fall;
The young man's folly, and the old man's grief;
The half-starved miser, and the prodigal;
The death of doubt, the sleep of firm belief;
I've seen each form of joy, and known them brief;
Heard Woe's loud wail; marked Sorrow's bitter tears;
Watched Mercy hovering with well-timed relief,
Soothing man's pain and quieting his fears—
For these thin locks are white with nearly fourscore years.

XXXVII.

I would not wish youth's short-lived joys to mar,
I would not cloud the brow of Hope with gloom,
But driving Sorrow's sable train afar,
For Mirth and all her smiling crew make room;
For why should man anticipate his doom?
Or why should present ills the heart appal?
This earth at death will make a splendid tomb,
And now it forms a glorious banquet hall,
Where Joy with light feet comes when youthful voices call.

XXXVIII.

Though sad and grievous are life's greatest ills,
Earth has no woes too painful to be borne,
But when with present grief pale Fear instills
Her poison,—then the bleeding heart is torn,

And direful horrors darken our sojourn.
Misfortunes have their limits and are bound,
But if imaginary ills we mourn,
On sorrow's boundless sea no shore is found,
And torments without end encompass us around.

XXXIX.

And yet—bright Fancy!—much we owe to thee,
For thou canst make as well as mar a world;
Before ideal joys how sorrows flee!
Dismay from her dark throne has oft been hurled,
When Fancy her white canvas has unfurled
To favoring winds; locks, bars, bolts, shackles, walls,
Are strong as fleecy clouds, or smoke that curled
And vanished, to bind the soul, which nought appals
When it on Fancy and Imagination calls.

XL.

Hope merely gilds the darkened form of fear;
With golden hues the death-frost paints the leaf;
Mirth grooves the cheek for Sorrow's bitter tear;
Life's still smooth sea secretes the sunken reef,
And every joy is wedded to its grief;—
But he who long has toiled upon the plain,
In scaling rugged mountains finds relief;
There's not a cloud obscures life's sun in vain;
For joys continued pall, and pleasures change to pain.

XLI.

How strange, mysterious, wonderful is life!
Which years can measure—aye, and fleeting hours!
Where good and evil wage perpetual strife,
And pain deceitful lurks in pleasure's bowers.
O when misfortune o'er thy pathway lowers,
Be cheerful—firm—be resolute—be true!
Weak minds alone adversity o'erpowers;
The loftiest souls that glory ever knew,
Were cradled in the storm, and nursed where tempests blew.

XLII.

The sheltered vale saw not the eagle's birth,
Whose aspirations reach the distant sun;
Who looks for mental or for moral worth
On Ganges' banks, where Niger's waters run?
Ask you why tyrants should the mountains shun?—
Let Switser's cliffs—let Scythia's rocks and snow—
Let Affghanistan tell what they have done.
What hearts the mountains send to meet their foe,
Long, long did ancient Rome—long, long will Britain know.

XLIII.

["Could thus the old man speak so long ago,
Before the Affghanistan war occurred?"
What foolish question! dost thou not then know
That dreams are not consistent? What I heard

I mean to state correctly—word for word.
Oft what seems false, ridiculous, or queer,
If rightly viewed would not be found absurd.
Perhaps the father was some holy seer,
Before whose piercing glance the future did appear.

XLIV.

Perhaps the son, the eve before that night,
Had all the details in the papers read,
And learned how bravely mountaineers can fight
For liberty ; consigning to the dead
Their foes, and filling tyrants hearts with dread,
Who view their trophies on the bloody plain—
And thus to err unconsciously was led.
I paused to clear myself, and to explain,
But now the old man's counsel I resume again.]

XLV.

God has affixed to matter and to mind
A code of wise and well-digested laws ;
In their observance man alone can find
His highest good ; in their neglect, the cause
Of all his wo ; but Superstition draws
Around the mind her dark and misty shroud,
And with a jargon of strange sounds, she awes
The timid and the weak—bids these shed blood,
Those fast and vex their souls, and cry to heaven aloud.

XLVI.

Man's law of gravitation is self-love;
No human breast is free from its control;
No principle like this has strength to move
And mould with unresisting power the soul;
As each is but a part of the great whole,
Enlightened self-love leads no man astray;
When from the path of rectitude we stroll,
We show the want of reason's guiding ray,
And self-love learns too late she must the forfeit pay.

XLVII.

Though God in one sense is the cause of all,
As nought had ever been without his aid,
The worst man's acts would not be criminal,
And every murderer has God's will obeyed,
Unless some broad exceptions should be made.
But reason as we will, we feel and know
That we are free, and cannot heaven upbraid.
Does man's heart bleed?—imprudence struck the blow—
And if our misdeeds caused, reform will cure the wo.

XLVIII.

Who go beyond their depth that cannot swim,
Must not charge God, although they should be drowned;
Who have no skill to climb should not blame Him,
If, when they try, they're made to kiss the ground;

And yet how many every day are found,
Whose own wild schemes have left them in the lurch,
Who humbly think God loves the good to wound,
For resignation pray, and ask the church—
But though God may *apply*, he does not *cut* the birch.

XLIX.

Desires too grasping, phantoms chased too far,
The calls of Pleasure, the demands of Pride,
Neglect of Prudence when she cries, "Beware!"
Allowing Passion, although blind, to guide,
While frugal Industry is cast aside,
Will plant the seeds of Want in any place;
If man no more on Fashion's waves would ride,
If all would toil, none think it a disgrace,
How rare would smiling Plenty hide her cheerful face!

L.

Man's woes, my son, have no mysterious birth—
As fire base gold they purify and prove—
To find their source we need not leave the earth,
Explore hell's depths, or search the realms above.
Our pains are voices, which, whene'er we rove,
Like some kind friend admonish our return.
These bitter fruits upon the tree of love,
E'en if we could it were not wise to spurn,
For they are sure specifics for the ills we mourn.

LI.

If man were only mortal; if the sleep
Of death were dreamless; if the cold, dark tomb
Through endless years should soul and body keep
And the archangel's trump ne'er break the gloom
That gathers there, nor quickening ray illume,—
Yet for itself vice here should be abhorred;
Its slightest touch can wither and consume!
Spurn its approach! its soft bland voice discard!
And learn that virtue yields on earth a rich reward.

LII.

Though deep-dyed villany remain concealed,
Thieves prowl uncaught, and murderers unhung,
Yet were the anguish of the soul revealed,
Should every thought but tremble on the tongue,
The living rogue would envy those that swung.
For Justice follows in the wake of sin;
No man can do an unrequited wrong;
The torments of the lost on earth begin;
The sceptic doubts no more—he finds a hell within.

LIII.

Our appetites and passions all are good,—
He is their author who makes nought in vain—
Their calls too far indulged, too long withstood,
Speak their complaints in restlessness and pain;

Reason from each extreme bids man abstain,
Pass not the joys of sense untasted by,
Nor give those fiery steeds too loose a rein;
Indulged too far, all guidance they defy,
Disease comes on apace, and sick satiety.

LIV.

When thou dost feel love's troubled fountains welling,
When for his own love thy young heart shall claim,
When like a stormy sea thy breast is swelling,
And beauty's glance envelops thee in flame,
And hot desires arise—O learn to tame
And guide the wild delirium, which will prove,
When unrestrained, the source of guilt and shame;
But if earth boasts one joy like those above,
It is the pure and holy joy of virtuous love.

LV.

Where light hearts danced till night was lost in day,
In gay saloons, in love's, in pleasure's bower,
Where sparkling wine cups chased all gloom away,
I gazed on beauty, and I felt its power;
But not till I had seen misfortunes lower,
Was woman's worth and excellency known—
How heavenly was her influence in that hour!
Though God to make her took from man a *bone*,
Yet when he formed her *heart*, he patterned from his own.

LVI.

O rapturous Love! mysterious alchimist!
Deprived of thee how dark the brightest skies!
Nor night, nor clouds, nor darkness can exist,
If o'er the soul thy radiant glories rise:
Some call thee blind, but Truth this charge denies;
Thou canst more beauty and more charms discover,
Than those behold who have the best of eyes;
None see by day as sees the happy lover,
And o'er his couch by night what blissful visions hover!

LVII.

Ere Eve was first to lonely Adam led,
Nor branch, nor leaf adorned the parent stem,
God gave the keys to Gabriel and said,
"Go search my caskets, crown, and diadem—
Go find some priceless dower, some matchless gem,
Whose dazzling sheen misfortunes will improve—
Bring me a gift that gods would not contemn!"
So Gabriel brought the brightest gem above,
And Eden rang with joy—her queen was crowned with Love!

LVIII.

The fruits and flowers which balmy zephyrs fanned;
The murmuring streamlet and the placid lake;
The air—so pure, refreshing, mild, and bland;
The golden clouds from which the Father spake,

(Whose voice is music, though the devils quake ;)
Elysian groves, and birds by nature taught
A melody unknown to art—could wake
No joy in Adam's breast ; all, all were nought,
And had been e'en with Eve, but for *the dower* she brought.

LIX.

When from the happy garden they were driven,
Compelled o'er bleak and barren wastes to stray,—
When sickness, age, decay, and death were given
Because God's laws they dared to disobey,
They stole this priceless dower of love away,
(Their only solace in their banishment,)
For which we ought to thank them to this day,
For when to us the greatest ills are sent,
If rosy love be ours, we smile and are content.

LX.

Within thy breast beams Truth's unerring lamp,
Fear not to guide thy footsteps by its light,
The brand of error it will often stamp
On cherished creeds, and actions once deemed right ;
But truth must triumph, and man's mental night
Give place to reason's intellectual dawn ;
Her searching rays will put to speedy flight
The clouds which now obstruct her rising morn,
By Ignorance conceived, of Superstition born.

LXI.

Ye swift revolving years, speed on! speed on!
For in the womb of time my eyes behold,
Not only in the land of Washington,
(Which boasts of freedom, but where men are sold,
And Truth, affrighted, trembles to unfold
All that she sees, though false, and learns, if new,)
But in those lands denominated old,
Where error, earlier sown, more vigorous grew—
The triumphs of mankind o'er slavery's hellish crew.

LXII.

Look at yon heavens, my son;—those skies contain
More worlds than our sun ere had rays;
They far outnumber all the drops of rain
That ever fell from earth's remotest days
To ours; a glorious record God displays
On the blue sky, which angels read, and lo!
The vault of heaven re-echoes with his praise!
But ah! of God how little can we know,
Who dimly read in part one letter here below!

LXIII.

To thee, frail man, this partly read seems vast!
Thou living pebble! on an unknown coast
By Time's mysterious, ceaseless billows cast;
And yet of knowledge thou dost vainly boast!

But I have sometimes thought—believed almost—
This intellectual acron, called the soul,
May one day rival heaven's unnumbered host,
When, by Death's aid, it bursts from earth's control,
And o'er its budding powers eternal ages roll.

LXIV.

Despair not then, nor think all knowledge vain,
The bird must flutter ere it learns to fly,
Else in its little nest it would remain,
Nor cut with fearless wings the upper sky.
Man's aspirations reach God's throne on high,
But ere he mounts he first must learn to plod,
And oft, while plodding, will his mind descry
The glorious footprints where Jehovah trod,
And hear, in Nature's voice, the harmony of God.

LXV.

Let nature be thy teacher—for her lore
Ennobles, elevates, expands the mind;
Communion with her will improve thee more
Than ages spent in converse with mankind;
For man oft errs; debasing passions blind;
Deep prejudices mingle with his youth;
Pride is with senseless bigotry combined,
And custom makes e'en Virtue's form uncouth;
But nature's crystal fount yields nought but sparkling truth.

LXVI.

Each plant that greets thee, and each leafy bower;
Each tree that yields or proudly stands the shock
Of warring elements; each opening flower
That blooms—droops—dies—like hopes which cheer, then mock;
Each wave-washed pebble and each time-worn rock;
Each winding river—ocean—valley—lake;
Each prowling beast, each gentle shepherd's flock;—
Whate'er has life, whate'er has form, will make
Those better, happier, wiser, who their counsel take.

LXVII.

The earth is full of voices; they declare
Life's mysteries—death—eternity—and heaven;
There is more eloquence in viewless air,
Than ere to Grecian orator was given.
Hark! from yon cloud, by tempests madly driven,
God, throned in darkness, to his children cries!
Awed by his presence, trees and rocks are riven,
And every hill-top to his voice replies.
Man hears, fears, prays, resolves—but unchanged lives and dies.

LXVIII.

The streamlet murmurs on its winding way,
A moral lesson to each passer by;
Each wave is vocal, and methinks they say,
"We seek the ocean—thou eternity."

The leaf when withering, speaks to every eye
Of sickness—age—decay; its rustling fall
With equal plainness tells us we must die:
And if the buried seed at first appal,
We joy to learn in spring the grave can disenthral.

LXIX.

The fevered brow cool zephyrs gently fan;
They ease the throbbing temples, and allay
The restless fire that through the system ran—
But list!—they whisper!—list! the zephyrs say
"Like us, poor man, thou speed'st upon thy way,
But know'st not when or where the flight will end;
To us thou'lt yield thy breath whene'er decay
Shall to thy soul a safe deliverance send—
For with its native dust thy cherished form must blend."

LXX.

How awfully sublime! how eloquent
The ceaseless voices of the mighty deep!
Terrific grandeur is to ocean lent—
Instinct with God! how its mad billows leap!
What thoughts unutterable o'er the wrapt soul creep!
Great counterpart of Time! though vast, yet bound—
Ye both have shores 'gainst which your surges sweep;
Each wave is but some buried nation's mound,
And men are merely drops which in those depths are found.

LXXI.

Parent of earth, which rose from out thy womb!
Gigantic highway, joining distant lands!
Within thy depths empires have found a tomb,
For war—hell-born—has marshaled here her bands,
Erecting bloody shrines with impious hands.
Here met—fought—conquered—those whose star is set,
And temples—cities—buried 'neath the sands—
Live but to tell how they God's vengeance met;—
Let "Ocean's Queen" beware, for she may feel it yet!

LXXII.

[Land of my distant sires! thy laureled brow
Is dear to me as to thy children's heart,
And every throb of anguish thou shalt know
Will pierce my bosom like a poisoned dart;—
Your joys are mine—I feel of thee a part,
And would be proud to claim a Britains name,
If, with her wisdom, power, wealth, science, art,
There did not mingle blood, oppression, shame;
And nations conquered—bleeding—chained! marred not her fame. (1)

LXXIII.

The truly good alone are truly great,
There is no glory where the heart is steeled,
Fame's laurel wreaths the brows of those await
Who mingle mercy with the power they wield,

And helpless virtue from oppression shield,
And guard from wrong the weak. By this rule tried,
O where is Albion?—her damnation's sealed!
Her standard dazzles, but with blood 'tis dyed,
In war's ambition caused, and lust of power, and pride.

LXXIV.

And yet at times she wears meek Mercy's face;
As freedom's champion, shows the broken chain
Which bound the negro; while, to her disgrace,
In her own isle white captives still remain,
And fettered millions her escutcheon stain
In India; aye, and heathen altar fires
Are fed by British gold: shrines she'll maintain
Where human victims bleed; and funeral pyres,
In whose ascending flame the widowed wife expires!

LXXV.

Say you 'twas great, magnanimous, and just
To liberate the blacks? Agreed!—agreed!
But why not raise her white slaves from the dust?
Besides—she's ruined for each negro freed,
Ten thousand Chinese with one cursed weed;
And now, when told she must not poison more,
She vows for vengeance, and the Chinese bleed! (2)
Her floating castles line the crowded shore,
And war's red demons howl, and answer to their roar

LXXVI.

'Twas policy that set the captive free,
Who wore his fetters in a distant isle;
Do her proud rulers shout for liberty?
'Tis but to blind the eyes and to beguile
Those slaves at home who gnaw oppression's file
And wear taxation's grindstone. They the friends
Of justice—mercy—freedom!—one might smile,
But sad and gloomy thoughts our mirth suspends—
We'll thank kind heaven no less, if few such friends she
sends.

LXXVII.

Think not ambition ere her heart corrodes,
For she is but high heaven's avenging rod;
Her deep-mouthed cannon at the antipodes
Proclaim to heathen ears the Christian's God!
An efficacious way, though somewhat odd—
Mohammed tried it with complete success—
If captive nations tremble at her nod,
She then can make them worship idols less,
And that "*the Prince of Peace*" is God, at once confess!

LXXVIII.

O she has tears, and free as salt they flow,
Her tender lords at Afric's woes have sighed;
Who doubts her mercy surely does not know
That off that sickly coast her vessels ride,

Armed 'gainst the slave trade;—though 'tis true she tried
To dictate laws to nations on the sea,
And search their ships; but one at least replied,
She never had, or could, or would agree
To wear Great Britain's chains that negroes may be free.

LXXIX.

Wealth, titles, power, her priests and nobles gain,
They share the plunder of oppressive laws,
These their estates, and those their tithes retain,
Whom Wisdom spurns, and all save vice abhors;
And when her starving thousands ask the cause
Of such injustice—dungeons, scaffolds, guards,
And convict ships the bravest overawes;
Power, backed by force, the people's voice discards,
And thus, while Vengeance sleeps, she Freedom's march
retards.

LXXX.

But fate ordains, ere Britain's race is run—
Though brilliant exploits strew her annals o'er,
And many well-fought battles she has won—
Her sons shall gain one splendid victory more;
Not 'mid the clash of arms and cannon's roar,
For though severe, yet bloodless is the fight;
By slow degrees oppression falls before
The vigorous arm of truth—God speed the right!
Till Freedom lifts her head, and basks in reason's light.

LXXXI.

The reader's pardon I most humbly crave,
My roving muse has wandered far away
To distant lands beyond the mountain wave;
I know 'tis rude, uncivil thus to stray,
And to the reader quite vexatious—aye,
And should those dear, kind friends, the critics, deem
My artless rhymes worth notice, they may say
I am no poet!—fearing, not for fame,
But for my old friend *Truth*, I now resume the dream.]

LXXXII.

Though nature's realm is boundless, there is nought
Exists in vain. The great creative Power
Which peoples space beyond the reach of thought
With rolling worlds, adorns the humblest flower,
And for the short-lived insects of an hour,
Prepares bright mansions in each painted leaf,
Where many a forest, lawn, and shady bower,
Witness their loves, their joys—perhaps their grief—
And insect sages teach their dogmas of belief.

LXXXIII.

Go mark the ore-hill where the iron sleeps—
(Thus genius slumbers in the untutored mind,)
How worthless seem those rude and shapeless heaps!
Who there would search, or searching, hope to find

Aught that could bless or interest mankind?
Who would have thought that unpretending ore,
When purged by fire, when melted and refined,
Would serve man better, and improve him more,
Than aught in ocean's depths, than aught on ocean's shore?

LXXXIV.

How oft I've wished it had the gift of speech,
And power its future history to unfold,
What unique sermons would the ore-hill preach!
Stories more strange and wild would then be told,
Than those by genius cast in fancy's mould;
They would contain the record of our race,
And O! what changes will that ore behold!
Should we in it man's onward progress trace?—
Or will he end his course in darkness and disgrace?

LXXXV.

With man the ore-hill's history is begun,
(Is this not saying more than mortals know?)
'Twill still exist when Time his race has run,
And not a trace of man is seen below—
For matter seems to us eternal; though
Consumed by fire and wasted by decay,
Yet not a particle is lost, as chemists show;
If Night and Chaos should resume their sway,
This humble ore, though changed, will never pass away.

LXXXVI.

That mighty conqueror—remorseless Death!—
Who blasts the bud of childhood and the bloom
Of beauty, with his cold pestiferous breath,
Will rest his bloody scythe in years to come
Upon a solitary grave—the last man's tomb!
Behold him there! gaze, not with looks austere,
Upon God's messenger! He has now made room
For new creations; those that once were here
Have in some world above commenced a new career.

LXXXVII.

And those who dwell where man before them dwelt,
May deem that earth was made for them alone;
But some may feel, as I have often felt,
That myriads have flourished and have gone,
Whose destinies and natures, now unknown,
Eternity's vast cycles may reveal;
And some, to antiquarian research prone,
Striving to break eternity's dark seal,
May bid the wrought and scattered ore its history tell.

LXXXVIII.

We know not what is great or what is small,
We know not what has been nor what may be,
Our fancied knowledge is but nominal,
The crude imaginings of infancy;

On man—on earth—on all the eye can see,
Upon the present, future, and the past,
The hand of God has written—MYSTERY!
We catch a hasty glance and stand aghast,
All seems to our dim eyes so shadowy and so vast.

LXXXIX.

How oft, my son, I've mused on wave-washed cliff,
And wandered pensive on the lonely shore,
And gladly learned what you and all may, if
They will but listen to the ocean's roar,
For it has taught me never to deplore
The apparent ills which cloud our prospects here,
For when examined, pondered more and more,
Though now concealed, rich blessings will appear—
The rainbow's gorgeous dyes lie hid in every tear.

XC.

When man first gazed upon the blue expanse,
And marked where sea and sky together blend,
He looked, no doubt, with rueful countenance,
And little thought that ocean was his friend;
He saw but part, and could not comprehend
The vast designs of kind indulgent heaven,—
"What fearful woes," he cried, "does God intend,
That he this stormy element has given?
Methinks it were enough to be from Eden driven!"

XCI.

"Impugn not heaven's designs, vain, impious man!"
'Twas thus, methinks, the billow's voice replied,
"Thou art but breathing dust, and canst thou scan
God's mysteries? Can Ignorance decide
On Wisdom's ways? We saw thee terrified
When thou didst view those monsters at their play,
Whose bones shall deck thy daughters in their pride,
And from whose heads thy sons shall find a way
To cheer their lonely nights with light like that of day.

XCII.

"Wer't not for us no genial showers would fall—
The world would be a lifeless wilderness!
One vast Sahara!—herbs, trees, flowers—all—all
Would droop—wither—perish! Earth, in her undress,
Would yield no fig-leaf for her nakedness;
No more her mirrors nature would require,
And lakes the mountain vales would cease to press;
Springs would be dried, the thirsty streams retire,
The groves sweet music cease, and man and beast expire.

XCIII.

"Our depths, like some great store-house, teem with food,
And hadst thou marked with care the ebbing tide,
Thou wouldst have known God made us for thy good,
And ne'er have wished that ocean would subside;

As through an open door thou hadst descried
A boundless banquet-hall, profusely spread,
With fin and shell-fish it is well supplied,
And hunger's cravings there may be allayed—
On more ambrosial food the gods have never fed.

XCIV.

"When languid, weak, oppressed by summer's heat,
In our embrace thou'lt find thy strength return;
Fear not to plunge where rolling billows beat,
For soon thy strong and sinewy arms will learn
To stem the tide, the foam-crowned crests to spurn;
And Eve!—fair Eve!—O never fail to bring—
To whom thy heart dost ever fondly yearn—
And every wave a song of joy will sing,
If on our yielding breast her form divine she'll fling.

XCV.

"We'll give new vigor, change life's eve to morn,
Impart new luster to the speaking eye, ([3])
With such bright hues her laughing cheeks adorn,
That wooing winds will mourn to pass her by,
And make the wild woods vocal with their sigh:
We'll add new grace, confer fresh power to please,
And give her strength—though all at last must die—
Against the secret workings of disease:—
Then mourn for us no more—thank God upon thy knees!"

XCVI.

Thus spake the ocean—if indignant, mild—
She felt much grieved at man's ingratitude,
For he was earth's, and earth was her own child,
And being thus allied she thought him rude,
And feared her grandson was not over shrewd,
Else, even then, she had dispelled his gloom,
Though earth was an unpeopled solitude,
Where fruits untasted fell, unseen the bloom
That decked the virgin soil, unknown its rich perfume.

XCVII.

The world has changed since then. Each distant shore
Is peopled; and the rocky isles, which lift
Their fearless heads where mountain surges roar,
Echo the tread of men. Unequal thrift
Explains the value of the ocean gift;
Where commerce spreads to favoring winds her sails,
Of no ennobling art is man bereft;
Bold, hardy enterprise that never quails,
Refinement, wealth, power, knowledge, industry prevails.

XCVIII.

Earth's varied fruits, from pole to central line,
The ship's return displays to wondering eyes,
Minds wake to life long sluggish and supine,
New wants are felt, and new desires arise,

Thus industry is born of enterprise:
Inventive genius lends her ready aid,
The power of steam, fire, water, air applies,
To move the vast machines which she has made—
The elements have learned her will must be obeyed.

XCIX.

Inventive genius! Man deprived of thee
Is but a houseless, naked wanderer;
The pelting storm—the rude inclemency
Of winter—Want's lean visage—the mad'ning stir
Of restless, warring passions—all concur
(Where trade thy latent powers have not called forth)
To make him wretched. Thy value we infer,
But how can those appreciate thy worth,
Upon whom thou hast showered thy benefits from birth?

C.

Unsightly clay, beneath thy magic touch,
Is shaped to usefulness and elegance;
Such is thy power, thy mighty influence such,
That rocks and forests change beneath thy glance
To rich and crowded cities, and enhance
And multiply life's joys; thy great machine
For peopling earth is increased sustenance—
A cheap and efficacious way I ween,
For men and beasts abound where waving grain is seen

CI.

What clouds of fragrance load the passing gale,—
What countless blossoms meet the raptured eye,—
What merry songs our listening ears assail,
Although no human beings we descry,
From those rich fields beneath a southern sky,
Where with ripe bolles and buds the cotton teems; (4)
From that one plant invention can supply
Commerce with wings, the printing press with reams,
And clothe the world—lords, peasants, beggars, and rich dames.

CII.

Impelled by charms that beam from beauty's eye,
Inventive genius robs the coffined worm,
Whom nature teaches, when about to die,
The undertaker's duties to perform;
Of silken tombs she makes, and fears no harm,
Those rich and costly fabrics, which are worn
By purity and grace without alarm;
Those prize the coffin who the tenant spurn,
And death's habiliments the beautiful adorn.

CIII.

Pause! pause, my son! amid the gay dance pause!
And as your eyes those silken fabrics view,
Which nourish pride and gain short-lived applause,
Hear what the silk-worms say through them to you,

Mark well their words—I know, I feel them true:
"When o'er thy form death's icy fingers creep,
O tremble not to bid the world adieu,
Be not dismayed, you have no cause to weep,
For death is but a changing, renovating sleep.

CIV.

"Not unadvised nor lightly speak we thus,
Although mere worthless insects in your sight,
In some things ye are gods compared with us,
In others, man is but a neophyte,
And worms can teach him if he'll read aright.
Our short existence is to us as dear,
Its smile as joyous, and its hopes as bright,
As those of beings in a higher sphere—
And in the eye of heaven all may alike appear.

CV.

"How dark the prospect! how profound the gloom!
With what sad thoughts, with what forebodings dire,
We closed the portal of our silken tomb,
Forewarned life's waning lamp would soon expire!
No dervis, brahmin, magi, priest, or friar,
Stood by to waft our souls in prayer to heaven,
Yet to a better state we did aspire,
And from the grave these beauteous forms have risen—
Death took the old away, that new ones might be given.

CVI.

"In our brief history you may read your fate,
And every lingering fear at once dismiss,
You are what we were in our larva state,
Man's sarcophagus is our crysalis;
From that he wakes as we awoke from this,
And both to find it is great gain to die,
More perfect bodies, and more perfect bliss;
We crawl no more, death gave us wings to fly—
So man will leave the earth, and range the upper sky."

CVII.

Such great mysterious truths can worms declare!
Thus God reveals himself to wondering man!
There's not a sound that floats upon the air,
Nor leaf nor pebble which the eye can scan,
There's nought that sunbeams kiss, or wind-gods fan,
That is not pregnant with its homily;
All hymn the praise of earth's great Artisan,
And each of some great truth contains the key—
More eloquent than words, sublime simplicity!

CVIII.

O list their counsels! list their teachings high!
Life's short distempered dream will soon be o'er;
Improve the fleeting moments as they fly,
For time once squandered nothing can restore!

Eternity's vast sea, without a shore,
Rolls its mysterious billows at thy feet;
There the fell ghost of every squandered hour,
The tortured soul in agony must meet,
And every throbbing pulse with deep remorse will beat.

CIX.

Soon I must bid the world and thee adieu—
Then mark my precepts—mark them well, my son!
Now thou art kind and dutiful and true,
Thy earthly journey thou hast well begun,
And nought I'd have thee do remains undone;
But should'st thou leave the harbor and the bay,
And dark clouds gather o'er thy rising sun—
Should dangerous currents drive thy bark astray—
Recall my counsel then—recall it and obey!

CX.

With sudden start, bewildered and amazed,
The Outlaw broke sleep's mild and welcome chain;
Around—above, with half-closed eyes he gazed,
And strange, wild thoughts shot madly through his brain;
Though sleep has fled, her visions still remain,
The doubting mind past scenes and present crowd,
And when he found that he all night had lain
On the damp earth, sighs—heart-drawn, deep, and loud,
Proclaimed the anguish of the high born and the proud.

CXI.

The truth—the naked, poignant, bitter truth—
Like some sepulchral light upon him shone ;—
When he recalled the halcyon days of youth,
The hopes once cherished, joys forever flown,
The loved ones living, those long dead and gone,
Oppressed and humbled with remorse and shame,
He soon resolved that virtue should atone
For past misdeeds and forfeited esteem—
Thanks to the Old Man's Counsel!—thanks to th' Outlaw's Dream!

NOTES TO THE OUTLAW'S DREAM.

Note 1.—Stanza LXXII, p. 92.

"And nations conquered—bleeding—chained! marred not her fame."

It is indeed a melancholy spectacle to behold the government of a professedly Christian people, while boasting of its benevolence, its magnanimity, and its love of freedom, instead of throwing the shield of its protection over the weak and guarding them from wrong, annexing their territories to her dominions, establishing over them her government and laws, and visiting those who dare to assert their rights, and to rally in their defense, with all the terrors of a remorseless and sanguinary vengeance. Far removed from the scene of action, and the facilities for obtaining correct information being so scanty, the citizens of the United States have little conception of the manner in which Great Britain has prosecuted her designs upon the liberties of distant countries. Commencing with a territory inferior in fertility, and hardly superior in size to some of the counties of our magnificent States, she has gone rapidly forward in her career of conquest, planting her victorious standard in every part of the world, making nearly every hill-top echo her battle-cry, and fertilizing nearly every valley with the blood of the slain, until she is now able to boast that "the sun never sets upon her empire." The annihilation of one of her armies in Affghanistan, and the successful manner in which those hardy mountaineers maintained the integrity of their soil and the liberties of its defenders, have revealed more effectually to the world, what Great Britain considers a sufficient cause for war, when treating with those whom she deems incapable of resisting the terror of her arms: for, according to official documents, she ordered her troops to cross the Indus, "in order to expel from Affghanistan a chief *believed to be hostile to British in-*

terests !" One of her naval commanders has recently taken possession of the Sandwich Islands, and annexed them to the British Crown. It is yet to be seen whether his government will sanction conduct so utterly at variance with every principle of justice, and deprive a king of his throne, and a people of their independence, who have been raised from the lowest depths of degradation, and delivered from the darkness of a debasing idolatry, by the untiring efforts and unsparing liberality of American Christians and philanthropists.

Note 2.—Stanza LXXV, p. 93.

"And now, when told she must not poison more,
She vows for vengeance, and the Chinese bleed!"

This was written a few days before intelligence was received that the Chinese had been compelled to purchase peace by an acquiescence in the demands of her invaders.

Note 3.—Stanza XCV, p. 101.

"We'll give new vigor, change life's eve to morn,
Impart new luster to the speaking eye."

It is much to be regretted that in this country so little attention is paid to regular and frequent bathing. Most persons appear to think that washing the face and hands once or twice a day is all that is necessary. Regardless of health and comfort, they thoughtlessly allow the fifteen square feet of skin with which the body is invested, to be defiled, and its important functional operations interrupted, by the collected impurities of many years. Of the two, I fear that the ladies are more negligent in this particular than the men ; for the latter, during the oppressive heat of summer, generally find it difficult to resist the strong natural impulse which urges them to seek relief by plunging into the nearest stream, or burying themselves beneath the waves of the sea which call to them from the shore—while a questionable delicacy withholds the former from sharing, like "the daughter of Pharaoh," (Exodus ch. ii., v. 5,) in these primitive luxuries. Every private dwelling should possess facilities for bathing, for in whatever point of view we consider them, they will be found to be of nearly as much importance as the kitchen, and far more useful than the parlor. Should the "French Cook" be converted into an officer of the bath, there would be less occasion for cosmetics, drug shops, and doctors. "The Gre-

cian fiction of Venus being of 'ocean born,' is typical of the aid which beauty is expected to derive from frequent ablution and bathing." (See Bell on Baths and Mineral Waters, p. 220.) I hope the day is not far distant when all our towns and cities will be supplied with large bathing establishments, built and maintained by the "powers that be," where the old may "renew their youth like the eagle," the young increase in strength and stature, the robust maintain their vigor, the sick regain their health, the weak become strong, and the fair add to the resistless power of their beauty, and the matchless grace of their charms. If it were possible to succeed, it might not be expedient to attempt to rival the magnificence of the luxurious Romans, who lavished upon their bathing establishments the wealth which we devote to works of internal improvement; but for a comparatively trifling expense we may have all that is essential for enabling our whole population to enjoy the advantages of frequent bathing.

Note 4.—Stanza CI, p. 104.

"Where with ripe bolles and buds the cotton teems."

"A cotton field in full bloom presents a scene seldom surpassed; the heavy green branches waving in the breeze, and disclosing the beautiful white flowers which seem to peep out and retreat, as if too modest to bear the face of day, while their fragrance fills the surrounding atmosphere. The bloom is one of the richest flowers. It is large, and when first opening, its petals are of the most delicate white, mellowing into yellow. On exposure it becomes tinged with red, and passing through its various shades to a deep crimson, is shed on the third day. There is something highly pleasing in witnessing the cotton-pickers, and perhaps as much of the *romantic* as in ordinary scenes. The first time I saw the cotton-pickers employed was just after rising from a sick bed. I had ordered my horse, and rode to the field to enjoy the morning of a beautiful September day. The sun was shining splendidly, and a gentle breeze from the south was playing among the tops of the tall green cotton, which were gracefully bending to receive its salute. I had seated myself in the refreshing breeze, upon an elevated ground, and was admiring the beauty of the surrounding scenery, when my ear caught the first note of one of the wild songs of the negroes. It was, as is their custom, commenced by one voice, the others joining in the chorus; and the sound floating along the field,

each as it reached him joined in the response, mingling the varied tones of fifty voices, distributed through a space of half a mile; and thus their mellow notes advanced, swelled and receded—dying away in the distance; then rising, varying, and swelling in fuller concert, advanced up the field to die again, while the voice of the first alone was heard in clear distinct sounds at the far side. No effect of vocal music can exceed this of so many voices, at such varied distances and positions; and when they are completely excluded from view by the tall cotton, not a living object seen—not another sound heard—the effect may be conceived, but not described. These songs continue with slight intermission through the day, and tend to lighten the toil, which, though not laborious, is constant through the picking season." ANONYMOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

FAREWELL TO CONNECTICUT.

WRITTEN IN PROSPECT OF A TEMPORARY ABSENCE.

The time draws near—the day, the hour,
When I must leave the scenes around me,
And absent learn how great the power
Of those strong chains which long have bound me.

I love the State that gave me birth,
I love her valleys, streams, and mountains,
I love her for her sterling worth,
Her rock-bound coast, her clear bright fountains.

I love her soil, rude, rough, and wild,
For Freedom here her chosen rallies,—
Oft Virtue flies from climes more mild,
From richer vales and broader valleys.

Her winters, long and piercing cold—
I love them, and I love their rigor;
They make men healthy, strong, and bold,
They give both mind and body vigor.

Each hallowed spot I love to tread,
Where willows bow their heads with weeping—
Those crowded cities of the dead,
Where friends and foes in peace are sleeping.

I love her for her men of yore—
Long may her sons their virtues cherish!
The stars from heaven shall fall before
The memory of their deeds shall perish.

I love her government and laws—
Such wisdom seems not man's creation,
And oft I've thought some higher cause
Laid broad and deep their firm foundation.

The rights of all are here secure,
Religion rests her claims on reason,
No purse-proud lords oppress the poor,
Democracy has banished treason.

Wealth is enjoyed, and honors worn,
By those who've strength and skill to earn them;
The imbecile, though nobly born,
Get their deserts—the people spurn them.

I love the men who till her soil,
Their moral worth and habits steady—
God's noblemen! the sons of toil!—
When duty calls, she finds them ready.

Their huge, and hard, and sun-burnt hands
I love to clasp whene'er I meet them;
My bosom swells, my heart expands,
With quickened step I haste to greet them.

And if while passing on my way,
I chance to see them at their labor,
I like to pause, if but to say,
"Good morning, friend! how are you, neighbor?"

Thy sons, Connecticut, are shrewd;
Quick to acquire both wealth and knowledge,
With varied learning they're imbued—
All go to church, and some to college.

To question others is their right,
Perfection they've attained in guessing,
Though friends of peace, they're bold to fight,
When flagrant wrongs require redressing.

They roam their own and other lands,
They spread their sails on every ocean,
Ingenious minds and skillful hands
Are seen in many a "yankee notion."

A noble race! well earned their fame!
And long may gallant deeds preserve it—
True glory lies not in a name—
Great actions only can deserve it.

The pleasant farm-house by the way,
'Mid vernal shades so sweet reposing,
The lowing herds, the beasts that neigh,
Their owner's thrift so clear disclosing;—

The village peering from the glen—
Where hearts are trained to love and duty,
Its school-house, built—no matter when,
Its neat white church, its rustic beauty;—

The rural cities which abound
With noble men, polite and civil,
Where wisdom, health, and wealth are found,
And lasting joy, and transient evil;—

All these, and more, I fondly love,
On memory's tablet deep they're graven,
But o'er them all, where'er I rove,
One reigns supreme—my own *New Haven*.

Her streets o'erarched with elms are seen,
Her dwellings, neat and often splendid,
Have yards in front, and space between,
Where shrubs and trees and flowers are blended.

How dear her streams and spacious bay,
Her two twin "rocks," and pleasant wild-wood,
Where oft in youth I used to stray,
To spend the sunny hours of childhood!

O who her temples ere has seen,
Pointing to heaven with silent finger,
Her upper and her lower "green,"
Where Eden's joys seem yet to linger,

And has not wished that he might dwell
Within their sacred influence ever!
They weave around the heart a spell,
Too strong for ought but Death to sever.

Her mines, for gold cannot be bought,
They yield the priceless ore of knowledge;
Much he that sings, although untaught,
Esteems her schools, reveres her college.

My childhood's home! my native State!
Reluctant I'm compelled to leave thee;
O should I half thy charms relate,
How few abroad would e'er believe me!

I hear sweet voices from the grove
That decks the plain and skirts the river,
And sigh to think those songs of love
May greet my ear no more forever!

Spring now adorns her fields with flowers,
And fragrant zephyrs gently fan me—
O blame me not, ye guardian powers,
If parting from her should unman me.

Connecticut, bright land! farewell!
The bard at parting fondly loiters,
His pulse beats quick, his glances tell,
How deep and strong he loves thy daughters.

Men far away will wonder why,
When all around is joy and gladness,
The stranger heaves the deep-drawn sigh,
And o'er his soul there broods such sadness.

O could their minds with his be borne,
And could they see the gifts and graces,
They'd marvel not that he should mourn
For yankee forms and yankee faces.

In other climes I seek not wealth,
Or beauty's smile, or tinseled glory—
I seek for more—I seek for health—
Grant it, kind Heaven, I do implore thee!

And when I cross Potomac's wave,
And reach Virginia's healing fountains,
Forbid that I should find a grave
Within her plains, upon her mountains.

Day yields to night, alas, how soon!
The longest days are quickly ended,
But my sun wanes ere yet 'tis noon,
And morn and eve are strangely blended.

Connecticut—again farewell!
The Queen of States, there's none above her!
What pleasures in thy borders dwell!
Base are the hearts that do not love her.

LETTER TO HENRIETTA.

I.

Thou fairest, happiest, loveliest, dearest creature!
(O do not frown, 'twill not improve thy looks,)
I'd thank my stars if I could oftener meet you,
For with bad grace my soul thy absence brooks;
'Twould be so fine in Scripture style to greet you,
And spend with thee some hours I waste on books;
To us the Apostle says—(O rapturous bliss!)
"Salute each other with a holy kiss."

II.

I thank thee much for this, good father Paul,
The command is good if rightly I construe it,
These words, "*each other*," surely mean not *all*,
That were unpleasant, and the old man knew it;
He spoke to "the elect"—(a number small,)
I "elect" you, and therefore we can do it;
And none I'm sure can make the least objection,
It can't be wrong to follow Paul's direction.

III.

But vast! hold on! we should proceed more slowly
When quoting Scripture, and be grave and meek;
In that same text you'll notice the word "holy,"
By which we're taught 'tis wrong to kiss *the neck;*
We should confine our salutations wholly
To that most pure and holy spot—*the cheek!*
Of course allowing for mistakes and slips,
For if 'twere dark we might kiss brows or lips.

IV.

Now this is Scripture—'tis, although I say it—
If I speak false there is no heat in coal;
Such being heaven's command, why not obey it?
Who breaks the least, 'tis said, has broke the whole;
O do not therefore very long delay it,
For though you save your face, you risk your soul!
I never set up for a theologian,
Although explaining Scripture like a Trojan.

V.

Man's candle, reason, never gives him much light,
It only serves to blind a fellow's eyes;
When D. D.'s war, mankind may see a crutch fight,
And in the scuffle, Truth, disgusted, flies;
She shuns their abstruse wranglings, lest their touch might
Pollute and mar—their dust and smoke, disguise;
I like to see *great truths* discussed with skill,
But man's belief depends not on his will.

VI.

Though some are starched and stiff and perpendicular,
There is but little they can understand ;
I'd like them better were they more particular
In following each simple plain command ;
A man may be for doctrines a great stickler,
And make long prayers—but after all be damned.
Who seeks for bliss in this world and the next,
Must practice Virtue—*and obey our text !*

VII.

Speaking of Paul—I must confess that there is
One thing for which I blame him, and among
So many truths, one error can't disparage
Paul ; the pen will sometimes slip as well as tongue—
Else his had ne'er denounced the rite of marriage ;—
Were he alive, Judge Lynch would have him hung.
I sometimes think Paul afterwards repented,
Or else to kissing he had not consented.

VIII.

But I sat down to write a billet-doux,
And not to preach a sermon long and prosy ;
The last is sometimes good if not too blue,
The first is always plump and fat and rosy—
At least it should be, if addressed to you ;
And now, if you'll be merciful, then blow me
Provided I the next time don't do better,
And fill with sentiment and love, my letter.

IX.

Greet Nancy for me—lost rib from my side !—
Alas ! I fear I ne'er on earth shall find it !—
I bade the north wind tell her how I sighed,
And how vexatious, cruel, and unkind it
Was, when she could have called, if she had tried,
To stay away so—but it did not mind it :
Like her neglect it chilled me and passed on,
But left a wish to go where it had gone.

X.

Now I must bring my letter to a close,
And what my pen has written reconnoitre ;
'Tis hard to speak or write farewell, heaven knows,
When its addressed to Robert's oldest daughter ;
'Twill be as hard an hour hence I suppose,
Although my amorous quill delights to loiter ;
So to postpone, though not avoid the pain,
I take it up and write to you again.

XI.

That this might have a fashionable ending,
I was about to write that " I am yours,"
But while I paused, and was my old pen mending,
(Which, if inspired by you, can beat Tom Moore's,)
Fear her dark shades with rosy Hope was blending,
And something whispered—you have other wooers
Down there in York—but should they dare to touch
Your heart or hand, I'll beat them with my crutch !

XII.

When you get this, you must at once indite me
A very tender, loving, long epistle,
While I meantime, lest Fear again should fright me,
To keep my courage up will try to whistle :—
O how your letters and your notes delight me!
But hark! *somebody* says—(why don't you listen?)
"Had he as many hearts *as Plutarch lives*,
He'd give them all for yours." His name?

CHARLES IVES.

POSTSCRIPT.

My doctrine and advice on that sage text
You must confess is orthodox and ample ;
If you regard it not I shall be vexed—
How great the sin on such choice pearls to trample!
But should I preach in vain, when we meet next,
I'll try the moral power of good example :—
Till then, while hoping you may be as true
As beautiful and fair, I sigh—adieu.

TO EMMA.

Though long the time since last we met,
There is a spell that lingers yet,
Like daylight when the sun is set;
For charms more strong
And potent than the amulet,
To thee belong.

When I at night my vigils keep,
A stranger to the power of sleep,
I feel their influence o'er me creep
Beyond control;
As fierce winds move the mighty deep,
They move my soul.

And when tired nature seeks repose,
If sleep perchance my eyelids close,
Imagined bliss dispels my woes;
A voice divine
Is whispering love—my fancy glows—
I wake—'twas thine!

Mysterious Love! thou child of heaven!
To mortals lent, to angels given,
Methinks you must have been hard driven
For want of game,
Or else my heart had ne'er been riven
While I'm so lame.

O cruel Love! thou art unkind!
For well you knew I ne'er could find
A kindred flame 'mong womankind—
They hate a crutch;
Why draw your bow when you're so blind?
I blame thee much.

The choicest flowers should Friendship bring,
The sweetest song should Pity sing,
If Sympathy should o'er me fling
A balm from heaven,
It would assuage, not cure the sting
By Cupid given.

But if, perchance, some future day,
I throw my crutches all away—
And 'tis for this, great God! I pray—
The wound I'll cherish;
And Emma, with her eyes of gray,
I'll——or——!

I am awake! I do not dream!
I ask for nought but your esteem;
To ask for more would madness seem
In my condition,
Yet Hope does o'er my darkness gleam—
Soon may fruition!

LINES INSPIRED BY SOME RHEUMATIC TWITCHES.

Ye powers above! ye foes to evil!
And can ye say ye treat me civil,
Thus to look on while Mr. Devil
Torments me so?
Stretch forth your arms and lay him level!
You can, I know.

If suffering can atone for sin,
I've paid the debts of all my kin—
All who are now, may be, have been;
Let them away
When heaven's gates ope, and walk right in—
They've nought to pay.

TO REBECCA.

WRITTEN UPON THE RECEIPT OF A BEAUTIFUL BOQUET, WHICH WAS ACCOMPANIED WITH THE CHEERING LACONISM—"NEVER DESPAIR."

I HASTE to thank thee for thy flowers,
For they will cheer me in my sadness,
And fill my solitary hours
With fond delight, with joy, with gladness;

For oft, as I shall turn to view them,
Methinks I'll see the spirit fair,
That watched their growth ere yet I knew them,
And told me "never to despair."

O could I make these flowers immortal,
Their beauty ne'er should know decay,
And when I crossed that happy portal
Whence sin and sorrow shrink away,

I'd bear them with me—on my breast—
A loved memento of the giver,
And could I find her place of rest,
We'd breathe their fragrance there forever.

TO CLARISSA—A VALENTINE.

List! list to those sounds which the soft zephyrs bring,
From valley and mountain and lawn;
'Tis the loud nuptial song which the joyful birds sing,
When *two* have been changed into *one*.

The example they set would be followed by me,
But ah! I am bound by a chain;
Besides, if perchance we should not well agree,
No power could divide us again.

But birds are not trameled by old musty laws,
They never consider it queer,
If those who have differed, from whatever cause,
Select other mates the next year.

Mankind, in their folly, get tied up for life,
The knot none but death can e'er sever,
Though banished each joy, though they "war to the knife,'
Though peace has departed forever.

Should *Love* on thy chains leave the stamp of his seal,
To be bound were the summit of bliss,—
Though a thousand times stronger than iron or steel,
I'd welcome thy fetters, Clariss.

AN EVENING RAMBLE ON THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

From my earliest childhood I have been an enthusiastic admirer of mountain scenery. The difficult and laborious ascent, the dark ravine, the lofty precipice, the overhanging rock, the cool, pure, and invigorating air, the limpid spring, the rushing torrent, and the refreshing shade of the primeval forest, give to these pillars of the sky an indescribable charm. The noise and turmoil of a busy world never intrude upon their solitude. The warring passions of the heart are subdued, and the pride of man is humbled before the magnificence of nature. A reverential awe creeps over the soul, and we unconsciously proceed with slow and cautious steps, as if in the divine presence and treading upon holy ground. The boasted triumphs of art, the architectural remains of former ages, sink into insignificance. The triumphal arch, the lofty column, the solemn temple, and the time-defying pyramid, excite our astonishment and admiration, when considered in connection with the limited powers of their short-lived authors; but how puerile they appear by the side of those lofty summits, which the almighty arm of a being of infinite perfections erected! I do not propose, however, to write an essay on mountain scenery, but merely to describe an incident which my partiality for such scenery enabled me to witness.

It was on a beautiful summer evening, while sojourning for a time among the valleys of the Alleghanies, that I left my dormitory for the purpose of enjoying my accustomed ramble among the mountains. The sun, surrounded with golden drapery, was tinging their forest-crowned summits with his departing rays. The merry notes of the feathered songsters were heard only at intervals. The winds, as if lamenting the departure of the king of day, had retired to their caverns;—while the streams, enlarged by the recent rain, murmured a louder note of joy.

I was sitting upon a fallen tree, at the foot of a limestone cliff, gazing with enthusiastic delight upon the enchanting scene, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps. Preferring to contemplate nature and nature's God alone, I adopted the necessary measures in order to remain concealed. I soon perceived

that the individual who had thus unconsciously broken in upon my solitude, was a gentleman who had apparently attained the meridian of life. A settled melancholy had stamped the deep lineaments of sorrow upon his countenance, and even a superficial observer might have detected a mind dissatisfied with itself and with the world around it. As he approached my hiding place, he gave vent to his feelings in the following apparently extemporaneous song. Between the sentiment of his song and the tune in which it was sung, there was a striking incongruity, which I attributed to a vain attempt to appear cheerful in the midst of despondency and gloom. I have taken the liberty of calling it

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
On thirsty plants the dew distills,
And peace and joy each bosom fills,
Except my own ;
My heart with secret anguish thrills,
And mine alone.

I've sought the cause, and sought it long,
I ask the birds, whose cheerful song
Is heard the woods and fields among :—
With plaintive tone
They warbling cry—" You know 'tis wrong
To live alone."

When zephyrs fan me and pass by,
My bosom heaves with many a sigh,
As with faint voice I ask them why
My peace is gone :—
Methinks their whispering murmurs cry—
" You live alone !"

A golden cloud where spirits dwell,
Breathes o'er my soul a magic spell,
And long and loud I bid it tell
Where joy has flown :—
" Away from him," its tempests yell,
" Who lives alone !"

I ask the mountains and the streams,
Why life to me a burden seems,
And joys appear like idle dreams :—
" The fault's your own,"
Replies each rock, each rill that gleams,
" You live alone !"

I look above ; my eyes rest where
Angelic hosts by myriads are ;
I pass them by, and send my prayer
Up to God's throne :
A small still voice breathes on the air—
" Live not alone !"

Alone ! alone ! methinks the sound
Echoes the wide earth's circuit round,
To vex, to harass, and to wound ;
My heart's deep moan
Finds voices in the blue profound—
" Alone ! alone !"

MUSINGS ON DEATH.

The feeble hand that now indites these lines
Is destined for the grave. God knows how soon
'Twill crumble, like a thing of nought, away.
A few short days, or months, or years perchance,
May intervene, ere heaven sent death shall land
Me on thy dubious shores, eternity.
As some lone rain-drop mingles with the sea,
So I must fall and mingle with the vast
Unknown that skirts the narrow boundaries
Of time. That mighty power which here controls
All matter and all mind; which beams alike
From peopled atoms and revolving spheres;
Which marks each vagrant comet's course, and sees
Each sparrow fall—alone can tell the time,
And place, and manner of my last great change.
My cherished flesh may lifeless sink where watch
The green-eyed monsters of the deep for prey;
Their banquet hall may be some coral cave,
And there, perhaps, they'll gorge themselves on me,
While ocean winds howl o'er the ill-fated spot
And chant my requiem. When far away
From home, from kindred, and from country dear,
Strange forms may gather round my dying bed,

And watch with tearless eyes and untouched hearts,
My spirit struggling for its liberty.
But 'tis my wish to die beneath the same
Bright skies that shone upon my infancy.
May fond hearts cheer me in that trying hour
With words of comfort, and with looks of love;
And when life's feeble pulse no longer beats,
And the enfranchised soul to worlds unknown
Has soared, may this frail temple, where so long
It dwelt, be buried 'neath the still green spot
Where rest the ashes of my ancestors—
That my poor dust may mingle there with theirs.
Above my grave no useless stone shall tower,
To tell the passer-by—what none ere knew
Before—how great and good and virtuous
He was who sleeps in Death's embrace below.
The memory of the truly great alone
Should live when they are gone, and such require
No sculptured marble to record their deeds;
Their names are graven on the hearts of men;
Their works will be their monument—more true
Than the triumphal arch—more lasting than
The obelisk. But what is earthly fame—
What man's applause, when, leaving sin and death,
We enter on the vast and untried scenes
That lie beyond? Swift as a ray of light
We go from world to world, and visit all

The stars that gem the darkened canopy
Of night, and fly to those which mortal eyes
Ne'er saw; the laws which govern each we learn,
And mark the wonders with which all abound.
And when bright seraphs hymn their Maker's praise,
Our lyres shall join in unison with theirs.
Thus ever, while eternity shall roll
Her vast unnumbered cycles round, shall Joy,
In blissful ether, spread her growing wings.

TO ELLA.

Dear Ella, list! to thee I'll own
That oft I've mourned the chains that bind me,
They make me spend life's spring *alone*—
Alone I fear old age may find me.

O! I would gaily, gladly bear
The worst of ills that flesh is heir to,
I'd always laugh and ne'er despair,
If where I am you was but there too.

Not that I'd have thee taste my woes—
O heaven forbid that thou should'st know them!
On dizzy heights bright flowers repose,
Unconscious of the abyss below them.

They sip the dew, they bask in light,
  They're oft refreshed by gentle showers ;
They bud and bloom and charm the sight,
  Though near their home the storm-god lowers.

I've roamed the woods ; I've seen their pride
  By lightning scathed and wild tornado,
While flowers unharmed bloomed by their side,
  As I have hoped by me *one* may do.

When racked with pain by day and night,
  I often wish that thou wert near me,
As darkness flees before the light,
  My pains would cease, thy presence cheer me.

Each beast that roams the forest wide,
  Each bird whose wings the blue skies sever,
The fish that in the waters glide,
  Have found their mates—and thus 'twas ever.

Then why should I alone be doomed
  To spend a hermit's life in sadness ?
'Twere better far to be entombed !
  A single life is worse than madness.

Without his Eve, e'en Eden's bowers
  Could not dispel the gloom of Adam ;
His days were years, his moments hours—
  And was it strange ? I ask you, madam.

Worse off than he am I, you'll own,
My strength is gone, my youth is flying,
Without his joys I live alone,
Although with love I'm almost dying.

But I'll not mourn at heaven's decree,
They're ne'er unkind, though oft they seem so,
Great blessings still are left to me,
More are in store—at least I dream so.

The rainbow's arch the clouds adorn,
And radiant Hope these words has spoken—
"The darkest hours precede the morn—
The chains that bind will soon be broken!"

POSTSCRIPT.

Forgive my rhymes—yet read them o'er,
And mark each thought, and word, and letter,
And if there's aught that you deplore,
O blot it out, or make it better.

O CALL AGAIN.

THE MAID'S ADDRESS TO A FAITHLESS LOVER.

O CALL again! yes, call once more,
Though nought but farewell's should be spoken;
Give me one word—one look—before
The tie that binds is rudely broken.

Too great presumption 'twas in me
To think that aught but friendship led thee,
To talk and laugh and joke so free,
With one you ne'er designed should wed thee.

It was my fault—I should have broke
The silken chord with which Love bound me,
But Passion rose when Reason spoke,
And wound the chords more firmly round me.

Now farewell, Peace!—and Hope, farewell!
The fire that warmed will soon consume me;
Despair succeeds Love's magic spell,
To early death Love's shaft will doom me.

But call once more!—yes, call again!
On bended knee I do implore thee;
'Twill soothe my heart, 'twill ease its pain,
If but again I do adore thee!

A STRAY ANGEL.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG LADY, WHO WAS SUFFERING FROM A SINGULAR DISEASE OF THE EYES.

As I was walking out one day,
I saw, disguised in human clay,
An angel that had strayed away
From some bright world above;
As it was born in purer skies,
Earth's sinfulness *destroyed its eyes*,
And now it would but could not rise
Where all is peace and love.

"What is your name, my friend?" I cried;
It started—blushed—then deeply sighed,
And with a mild bland voice replied,
"We have no names in heaven,
But when I took a mortal's frame,
And fairest of the fair became,
I then of course required a name,
And MARY ANN was given."

TO CATHARINE.

DEAR KATE:—

THE rose you gave me is no more. Upon this melancholy occasion tears would be as useless as it is impossible for me to bear my bereavement with tranquil composure. Having composed the following Dirge, allow me to suggest to you the propriety of singing it once a day, at sun down, for thirty days, as a slight tribute of respect for its departed fragrance and withered beauty. Knowing that you will sympathize with me in this hour of trial and affliction, it only remains for me to subscribe myself Yours, &c. **C. I.**

THE WITHERED ROSE.

TUNE—"Oft in the stilly night."

"Hung be the heavens with black!"
Let earth and sky be shaded!
Let guns and thunders crack!—
My rose has drooped and faded!
Its fragrance fled—its beauty gone—
My rose is dead—I had but one.

Let none complain of woes,
Or think their hearts are riven,
Who never lost a rose,
By some fair damsel given.
Its fragrance fled—its beauty gone—
My rose is dead—I had but one.

I've seen the lovely die,
Like hopes by fancy cherished—
But now, the deep-drawn sigh
Proclaims—my rose has perished!
Its fragrance fled—its beauty gone—
My rose is dead—I had but one.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY UPON THE RECEIPT OF A SPLENDID CACTUS.

Although I love the poet's song,
And oft have felt ambition's flame,
I never joined the countless throng,
Who strive to earn a poet's fame.

For well I knew it were as wise
In making wings to spend my time,
That I might soar where eagle's rise,
And fly with them from clime to clime.

For nature has to me denied
A poet's gifts, a poet's power,
And for them I had never sighed
Till I received from thee a flower.

That flower—how beautiful and bright!
I mourn to think 'twill soon decay;
And yet 'twould pall upon my sight,
Could I the giver's face survey.

But *beauty* is a fragile flower,—
It only charms the gazer's eye;
While *mind* o'er heart and soul has power—
It never droops, it cannot die.

And mind is thine, and beauty too,
Bewitching charms to thee are given,
The happy swain that marries you,
Will find on earth Mohammed's heaven.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A PLEASANT INTERVIEW WITH I KNOW WHO.

Ye lovers of beauty,
List! list to my lays!
I deem it my duty
To warble her praise,

Whose eyes are all brightness,
Whose heart is all love,
Whose form has a lightness
Like spirits above.

But such are the praises
Men ever bestow,
When caught in the mazes
Of love here below.

Though the mind is decrepid,
Their tongues can still go—
Good heavens, how insipid!—
'Tis Love makes them so.

If the hair's not disheveled,
The dull vacant stare
Shows the mind is bedeviled
When Cupid is there.

Though the fire that now warms me
Is heightened by grace,
The beauty that charms me
Lies not in the face.

This small piece of knowledge
Is true, I believe,
Though not taught at college—
Externals deceive.

Give the peacock to others,
He charms but the eye—
With all his gay feathers,
He mounts not the sky.

If the words were not evil,
His voice, I should say,
Would frighten the devil
And drive him away.

The pickpocket's curses
This truth have oft told—
'Tis not the best purses
Contain the most gold.

Most excellent covers
Envelop bad books—
How foolish for lovers
To go by mere looks!

For beauty will vanish,
Bright flowers soon decay,
But knowledge can banish
Life's evils away.

LOVE AND FIRE.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY UPON HER RETURN FROM A VISIT ABROAD.

The joy I feel at thy return,
Reveals itself in song;
'Twas certainly unkind in thee,
To stay away so long.

As eve's last shadows wore away,
I looked for thee in vain,
And envied those who shared thy smile—
O why did you remain?

Men say that absence conquers love—
They speak most false, I'm sure;
Some spurious kinds it may, I grant,
But nought true love can cure.

In chimney corners as I've mused,
(That spot the bard inspires!)
Methought the different kinds of love
I saw in different fires.

With *flint* and *steel* how long it is
Before love's tinder catches !
But when congenial spirits meet,
They burn like *loco matches*.

In making fires much of depends
On skill, and time, and places—
So circumstances, it is said,
In love will alter cases.

Like *chaff* some love will quickly burn,
It turns at once to flame,
But then like chaff it gives no heat—
'Tis only love in name.

Another kind is like *poor oak*,
Which in the water grew,
It will not burn, it cools our fire,
In spite of all we do.

So hot sometimes are love and fire,
The danger is of scorching—
Platonic love, like *Lehigh coal*,
Requires but little watching.

The flame of both is bright and clear,
The eye can see no smoke,
The first burns best when fortune frowns,
The last when it is broke.

But then they differ; coal has dross—
Platonic love has not;
Compared with some the last is cold—
The first intensely hot.

That base and mercenary love
Which asks but—"Is she rich?"
Is like poor wood besmeared with oil,
Or covered o'er with pitch.

These soon burn off, and contrast makes
The smoky fireplace sadder;—
The wife's gold gone, the husband swears
He wishes Satan had her.

At first the *bark* makes some wood burn,
But soon 'tis black and sooty—
'Tis thus with skin-deep, outside love,
It vanishes with beauty.

Some love resembles *seasoned pine*,
It's out before one knows it;
And some, like *green wood*, burns awhile,
If patiently one blows it.

But true love is like *hickory*,
The rest the merest trash is,
It burns and gives a steady heat,
Until we turn to ashes!

O may this *hickory love* be thine—
For such 'twas no doubt given—
It far excels all earthly love—
It rivals that of heaven.

My vagrant pen! how it has strayed!
I only bade it say,
How pleased I am at your return—
How sad when you're away.

TO MARY—A VALENTINE.

I SOUGHT for bliss 'mong men in vain,
And e'en in crowds felt solitary,
I found no balm to soothe my pain,
Until I chanced to meet thee, Mary.
How desolate this heart of mine,
Till you became my Valentine!

I toiled for years in search of gold,
My heart was base and mercenary,
Its sympathies were bought and sold,
For then I had not seen thee, Mary.
O wretched was this heart of mine,
Till you became my Valentine!

I struggled long in search of fame,
A thankless task! 'twas foolish, very;
For well I know a deathless name
Is valueless, compared with Mary.
What folly seized this heart of mine,
Ere you became my Valentine!

But when at last I sought for *love*
That ne'er grows cold, that will not vary,
I looked below, around, above—
But looked in vain till I saw Mary.
What rapture filled this heart of mine,
When you became my Valentine!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WHO TOLD THE AUTHOR THAT HER EYES WERE GRAY.

You tell me that your eyes are gray—
  Time will grow old ere I believe it!
I've seen them turn night into day—
  If gray, 'tis strange I can't perceive it.

If you should say the sky is green,
  That blue bells look like pickled herring,
I'd take my oath the world had been
  From Adam down most grossly erring.

But for your eyes—those gems that beam
  With wit and fun, with love and beauty—
Can they be aught but what they seem?
  I must say no—it is my duty.

Then say no more your eyes are gray,
  That color ne'er to them was given;
Their glances drive dull care away,
  As sunbeams drive the mists from heaven.

THE FAIRY WREATH.

TO S. AND C.

The Graces, when one day at play,
Their various charms together blended,
But Venus stole the wreath away,
And, quick as thought, to earth descended.

"Bring me earth's fairest maid," she cried,
To waiting spirits clustering round her,
"Search every land, on moon-beams ride,
Till meteor's glare proclaims you've found her."

The goddess ceased—and quick away
To every land the spirits glided;
Some chose a maid whose eyes were gray—
For dark-eyed lass the rest decided.

So Venus cut the wreath in two,
And long ere they had time to miss her,
She gave, dear Sarah, half to you,—
The other half was thine, Clarissa.

LOVE AT THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

In the summer of the year 18—, a young lady from a northern city, accompanied by her parents, arrived at the Hot Springs in Virginia, and remained there several weeks. Nature had been liberal to her in intellectual gifts, and her mind was improved, polished, and disciplined by study. In all the constituents of beauty, she had few equals and no superiors. I had often hung with delight upon the lips of the orator, but never was sensible of the resistless power of eloqtience, until I saw it beaming from her dark bright eye. While perusing the page which genius had inscribed with thoughts as imperishable as time, I had felt an enthusiasm no pen, however gifted, can deseribe; but when I gazed upon her speaking face, and traced upon that faithful tablet of her soul the varied emotions of her active mind, I was constrained to acknowledge that the printed page was powerless compared with the unwritten language of the heart—the silent but effective eloquence of nature. In her breast, the warm and generous impulses of the soul found a welcome home, and virtue an unsullied temple. Her voice was soft, clear, and musical; she had a good command of language, and her conversation abounded with original and striking thoughts. Nothing that could injure the feelings of the most sensitive mingled with her ready wit, and there was no austerity—no forbidding coldness in her graver moments. Although free from any real or affected timidity, she was not bold; though gay, she was not trifling; though inclined to the sentimental, she was not in love. Fortune had likewise favored her, for her parents were wealthy, and she was their only child. As might rationally be supposed, she was a great favorite among the young men at the springs; but while she suitably acknowledged their attentions, and freely proffered them her friendship, none of them had reason to suppose that they had made any impression upon her heart. But as love is blind and bold and confident and headstrong, two of them followed her to the Red Sulphur Springs, but after remaining there twenty-four hours, thought it expedient to return. This retrograde movement was undoubtedly caused by good and sufficient reasons, which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of the ingenious reader.

In the first part of the poem reference is made to a story told at the Springs, of a certain Dutchman, who had heard that the Springs were hot, but was rather incredulous. Being in the neighborhood one day, he determined to test the truth of the report. He went down into the valley where the Springs are situated with slow and cautious steps, but speedily returned upon the run, with evident marks of terror depicted upon his countenance. As he approached his wagon, which he had left in charge of his son, he exclaimed—"Drive on, John! for heaven's sake, drive on!—*for hell is within a mile of this place.*"

Not fifty years ago I trow,
The facts I'm going to tell,
Occurred in old Virginia,
"Within a mile of hell."

Start not, dear reader, that last line
Describing the location,
Is borrowed from some nameless chap—
It is not my creation.

Its author spoke it in his fright,
(I think they called him Dutch,)
Or else I'm sure he ne'er had used
That word, nor any such.

He was a plain strait-forward man,
(I know not who begot him,)
His artless mind kept nothing back,
When once an idea smote him.

Amazed he found the springs all hot,
And smelt the brimstone too,
And thought, as you or I had thought,
If we as little knew.

But after all he was to blame,—
He was, I do declare,
He should have called that dreadful place
"The prison of despair."

For then fastidious ears could hear
The story and be gay,
And that harsh word had never marred
The music of my lay.

A rose to Shakspeare might be sweet,
When called by any name—
If none but Shakspeares lived on earth,
With all 'twould be the same.

Philosophers may have their dreams,
And moon-struck poets sing,
But men will more regard the name,
Than they regard the thing.

But I am wandering from my theme,—
And that of course is wrong,
For neither Dutch nor Irishmen
Are heroes in my song;

But two young lads whom Cupid pierced
With chance-shots from his bow,
Which left them in an agony
That lovers only know.

While one—a lank Green Mountain boy—
Had felt such pains before,
The other had a virgin heart,
And therefore suffered more.

As mown-grass droops beneath the sun,—
As chilly night-winds sigh—
As the doomed pig resigns himself,
When fate ordains to die—

They run and roared and sighed and drooped,
And on the midnight air
Sent up their wailings to the moon—
The wailings of despair.

It pained my heart, indeed it did,
To see them in such plight,
They neither ate nor smiled by day,
They could not sleep at night.

The doctor's grave advice they heard,
And promised to obey—
But pocketed his recipes
And flung his pills away.

Their friends were much alarmed of course,
And ill concealed their grief,
And marveled much that medicine
Afforded no relief.

We should not blame them for deceit,
But charge the sin to Venus,
Besides, you know divines have said
We're born with Satan in us.

The power that made the serpent's fang,
Designed that it should use it—
If sinful born, 'tis good to sin,
Although we may abuse it.

But love and not divinity
Now claims my humble song,
Dark clouds surround theology—
Too dark to grope among.

We left the lads in wretched mood,
Sick, sad, disconsolate;
The course they took to gain relief,
I purpose now to state.

Among the mountains far away,
A sulphur spring is said
To cure sometimes in heart complaints—
I think they call it Red.

It may have cured in days of yore,
But Truth bids me confess,
Some hearts that went there sound that year,
Soon left them in distress.

Ask you the cause of this result?
The wherefore and the why?
Thou'lt find it hid 'neath beauty's smile—
It beamed from beauty's eye.

These sick and sad young friends of ours,
Who heard the water praised,
Packed up their duds and went up there
To get their spirits raised.

Some men declared—(but what of that?
Can mortals read the mind?)
That other motives called them hence,
Than those which they assigned.

They wished the lads might find relief,
To go, they said, was wise—
And then they smiled, and shook their heads,
And looked with leering eyes.

It 'was a fair and lovely morn,
That saw the youths depart—
Few linger long to say farewells,
Who go to cure the heart.

They journeyed fast, for close behind,
Despair, with haggard mien,
Rode all unveiled—in front, bright Hope's
Deceitful smile was seen.

They reached at last the enchanting vale,
The healing water found,
And drank large quantities of course,
To heal their heart's deep wound.

But ah! how vain are human hopes!
What cause for human fears!
How oft dark clouds obscure the sun,
In this poor vale of tears!

Our little globe turned round but once,
But one sun rose and set,
Ere they abruptly left the spot
They'll not so soon forget.

O why so soon retrace their steps?
They surely were to blame,—
Perhaps they saw some dreadful sight,
Or dreamt some dreadful dream.

If mountain echoes told the truth,
The secret will appear,
Though some at first declared 'twas odd,
And some, uncommon queer.

"I saw them on their winding way,"
One silent jogged along—
With faltering voice the other sung
This melancholy song :—

SONG OF THE DISAPPOINTED.

To weave her net, I've seen Despair
Of all their charms disrobe the Graces,
Love was entwined with beauty there—
Deceitful smiles with raven tresses.

The gloomy cave where Ruin lies,
Has flowery pathways leading to it—
How oft the young, the good, the wise,
Are led by woman's arts to view it!

See Melancholy's face forlorn!
Her sunken eyes, and hair disheveled,
Of woman's broken vows were born,
When Love and Hope with Beauty reveled.

Again from heaven should angels fall,
To deepest wo should Vengeance doom them,
On Slighted Love methinks she'd call,
And bid her restless fires consume them.

The ruby wine, the sparkling bowl,
Man once must quaff or else they'd doom him,
That chain is broke, but still his soul
Must bend and bow to faithless woman.

Since childhood I've renounced as vain
Mint-juleps, slings, and brandy-toddy,
And all those drinks which fire the brain,
And ruin purse, and soul, and body.

I've drank no porter, ale, or wine,
To sharpen wit, the mind illumine,
But ah! I've knelt at beauty's shrine,
And felt the witching power of woman.

Fair as the rainbow's gorgeous belt—
Fair as the azure vault of heaven,
Was she to whom I fondly knelt,
Supposing Truth with Beauty given.

O had she flown to heaven away,
Though born of earth no eye could tell it,
No spirits there had called her clay,
Her face and form was so angelic.

She said she'd be my faithful bride,
And love me more than sire or brother—
I will not say the beauty lied,
But ah! she's wedded to another.

Nought but her broken vows are mine—
Another's purse her fortune blesses—
Another's arms with her's entwine—
Another shares her fond caresses.

All thoughts of love henceforth begone !
For time thus spent is worse than wasted—
O that its sweets I ne'er had known !—
Its bitter drafts I ne'er had tasted !

My heart's strong fibres I will twine
Round some bright star that shines above me,
I'll think its rays of light all mine,
And swear they see and know and love me.

My eyes shall oft to heaven be raised,
And fondly shall my heart adore it,
I'll hear no rival planet praised,
Nor even named, if named before it.

I'll revel in its beams all night,
And curse the sun that wakes the morrow—
But mourn when storm-clouds veil its light,
And think them stellar robes of sorrow.

Thus sung the youth—mock not his grief,
Nor criticise his song ;—
Love bows the haughty spirit low,
It makes the timid strong.

Go tread each habitable spot
Beneath the icy pole—
Go where Saharah's burning sands
Like waves of ocean roll ;

Though here the fountains all are froze,
  Though fountains there are dry,
Show me but men, I'll show you hearts
  That love has made to sigh.

Love is a strange, mysterious power,
  A riddle with a sting,
The source of many, many joys,
  And heartfelt suffering.

The arch fiend with his cloven feet,—
  Alas! how many know!—
Resembles much in some respects
  Sir Cupid with his bow;

For while they both produce much harm,
  As God ordained they should,
So both are necessary means
  To cause the greatest good.

LINES TO AN ABSENT LADY.

I MOURN the fate that bade thee leave me,
I sigh to think that thou art gone,
What though at night bright dreams deceive me,
Joy soon hurls Fancy from her throne.

The deep, dark gloom of heartfelt sadness,
Is ever mine when you're away;
Your presence fills my heart with gladness,
And turns my darkness into day.

Should fortune frown, and throw around me
The ills reserved for fiends below,
If thou art by they ne'er can wound me,
Thy presence heals the deepest wo.

Return then, oh return, I pray thee,
Remain not—haste! oh do not stay!
Let nought retard, let nought delay thee—
To live is death when you're away!

THE MYRTLE WREATH.

LINES SENT TO A LADY WITH A WREATH OF MYRTLE.

ACCEPT, kind friend, the wreath I send thee,
And listen while I strive to tell,
In language that must not offend thee,
How these green leaves become thee well.

Spring's mildest winds were gently blowing,
A warm sun drank the sparkling dew,
When first I saw this myrtle growing—
It clasped the earth!—I thought of you.

Spring passed away—the year's bright morning!—
And hot winds blasted when they blew—
These leaves lost nought of their adorning,
They flourished still—I thought of you.

Gay hearts "the harvest home" were singing,
The forest felt cold autumn's breath,
But still these leaves were fondly clinging—
Like woman's love, they knew not death.

I watched them long, and still they flourished,
When wintery winds were sweeping by;
Hard frosts, deep snows, the myrtle nourished,
That caused most other plants to die.

Emblem, I cried, of fair Rebecca!
O could he twine a wreath of fame,
With deathless leaves the bard would deck her,
And bid the nation's shout her name.

For when misfortunes gathered round him,
And sorrow's bitter cup was given,
'Twas then she sought, 'twas then she found him,
And with her smile brought light from heaven.

WHAT IS DEATH?

My heart has often bled as I have seen
The young, the beautiful, the fair cut down,
While tott'ring age has trembled o'er their bier,
And shed Grief's bitter tears on young Hope's grave.
The loved and cherished form is soon decayed;
A deeper shade and more luxuriant growth
Is seen in the green sod; and he who thought
Himself an angel quite, and little less
Than God, is seldom mentioned, and is soon
Forgot; while other insects flutter their
Brief hour, then lie beside him, and in turn
Feed the voracious worms. But what is death?—
It is a strange and fearful mystery!
I stood beside the bed of my sick friend,
And thought to find the secret as I gazed
Upon him in that last sad hour when life
And death seemed struggling for the mastery.
I watched intently. The heart had almost ceased
To beat; the breast reluctant rose and fell;
The glassy eyes, which had with mental fire
So lately sparkled, now saw naught they seemed
To gaze upon; and the dull ear, attuned
To melody, and rich with treasured song,

No longer listened to the voice of love,
Or heard the stifled sobs of those who wept.
A few convulsive struggles closed the scene,
And my loved friend was numbered with the dead.
And can this be the whole of death ? I said ;
Is life mere breath—the same in man and beasts ?
Are all the different forms of life we see
But different patterns of the self-same dust ?
Is that a mere machine which men call mind,
And will it perish when our bodies die ?
Or is there that in man which will outlive
The clay which here but cripples and confines,
And still exist, though earth is burnt with fire,
And black oblivion mantles o'er the sky ?
My mind was soon perplexed, and like the man
Who gropes in some dark cave, he knows not where,
I sought the light. Ten thousand forms of life
I saw, but no two forms alike appeared.
I studied long before I drew the line
Between the matter which hath life, and that
Which is inanimate—so near do they
Together come ; and from this line, the scale
Of being in successive steps ascends.
Man crowns the series, but some men I found
Who seemed in every thing but form and speech
But little better than the brutes that die.
There was one fact that struck me forcibly ;

From first to last I marked the brains of all,
And found that as these changed in shape and size
And texture, so the beasts and men were changed
In all the powers of instinct and of mind.
The brain enlarges—and the mind expands;
The brain decays—and all the energy
And power of mind is gone; the brain soon dies—
But is it thus with mind? Ah, that's the point
Where reason showed her impotence. These things,
She said, might still exist, although the brain
Should be the mind itself, or but the tool
Or instrument with which it operates.
When thus my reason left me in the dark,
I sought the aid of those esteemed as wise,
And bade them tell me what that is which men
Call death. Ten thousand voices quick replied,
And every voice seemed different. But one,
Amid the wild confusion which ensued,
More loud and harsh and dismal than the rest,
My ear detected, as it madly cried—
"*Death's an eternal sleep!*" I heard no more;—
The inhuman thought struck terror to my soul,
And it recoiled with horror from the scene.
That sacred spot where all at last must lie
I sought, and lingered long among the tombs,
And prayed the guardian angel of the dead
For light. The lone still hour of midnight heard

My prayer, and chilly night winds bore it far
Away, but brought no answer back. I sought,
In my despair, my long lost father's grave,
And cried,—" My father! O my father! if o'er
This spot thy spirit hovers, tell me, O tell
Me, what it is to die ?" I listened long—
But no fond voice replied. I cried again—
And echo mocked me in my agony!
At last I asked religion's aid, and she
Alone brought comfort—this was her reply :—
" DEATH IS THE DARKENED ENTRANCE INTO LIFE ;
MAN LIVING, DIES ; BUT DYING, EVER LIVES."

A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD.

I WAS musing alone in my dark silent cell,
The winds were all hushed, even lovers were sleeping,
While the stars seemed to watch o'er the world where we dwell,
To guard men from ill, and to comfort the weeping.

I reviewed my past life, and it seemed like a dream—
How sweet were its pleasures! how bitter its sorrow!
And when Hope's painted bark had been wrecked on life's stream,
The Siren deceitfully whispered, " to-morrow."

Soon, fatigued with my vigils, sleep came to my aid—
Kind friend of the weary, the care-worn, the poor—
And he banished each fear, all my anguish allayed,
With dreams far too joyous, too bright to endure.

The fond days of my childhood came back to my view,
I roamed the same fields, and I swam the same river,
I enjoyed every sport that my infancy knew,
And thought, like a child, to enjoy them forever.

The companions I loved, and that shared in my glee,
Came round me again—how familiar their faces!
And their hearts were all buoyant, all bounding and free,
Upon them life's ills had left none of their traces;

For the young tender plant gently yields to the blast
Which prostrates the oak, and with giant arm rends it,
But it lifts up its head when all danger is passed,
Its beauty enhanced, and with strength the storm lends it.

Would to God all were now what they seemed to me then!
As spotless and pure, and as free from all guile;
But alas! when some ceased to be boys, when they grew to be men,
Sin claimed them as hers, and the fairest were vile.

It is vain now to wish that I might have slept on,
And never have known that my bliss was ideal,
For shrill chanticleer spoke, bidding Fancy be gone—
She fled with my joys, but left woes which were real.

COLD WATER.

I.

O SHOULD the maid I will not name,
The minstrel's book perchance survey,
Let not those eyes which ever beam
With beauty's bright and dazzling ray,
Although I've chose a hackneyed theme,
Turn from this humble page away;
For should her glances cease to fire,
The bard would break his worthless lyre.

II.

No costly offering can I bring,
Although I love the fountain well,
Whose crystal depths impart no sting,
And every other drink excel;
But I a votive song will sing,—
Though rude and rough, my muse shall tell,
What priceless nectar God has placed
Within the earth's maternal breast.

III.

Let others quaff the ruby wine,
Let others seize the maddening bowl,
Where deadly adders unseen twine,
And dart their poison to the soul,
Where all in man that seems divine,
Is placed at passion's blind control—
Let others thus their lips pollute,
And sink below the groveling brute.

IV.

But at the spring, the brook, the well,
O fill the crystal cup for me,
For nought on earth can thirst dispel
Like water in its purity ;
And health, and peace, and virtue dwell,
And hearts are light, and souls are free,
And love and joy and wealth prevail,
Where men drink nought but " Adam's Ale."

V.

Some mingle with Love's holy flame,
The fires that blast the buds of Hope,
And some pollute pure Friendship's name,
While gathering round the drunkard's cup—
But Love and Friendship these disclaim,
And bid us fill our glasses up,
And freely drink, and gaily sing
Around the bright and sparkling spring.

VI.

Ambrosial drink! what else can give
The eye such fire, the cheek such bloom!
The poisoned draughts which men contrive,
Degrade the victim they consume;
The fires of hell within him live,
And send him reeling to his tomb,
A loathed, debased, and wretched sot,
By all unwept, by all forgot.

VII.

Hark! heard ye not that deafening cheer!
Hark! how it shakes heaven's azure dome!
Behold! behold! what throngs appear!
A hundred times ten thousand come!
And as the advancing hosts draw near,
The once degraded slaves of rum,
In pure cold water's strength now strong,
Send up to heaven their grateful song.

VIII.

Ye more than widows cease to mourn,
Nor strive to hide a loved one's shame,
Your children's cheeks no more shall burn,
When they repeat their father's name—
For lo! rum's victims now return,
And to the world aloud proclaim,
That liquid fire no more shall mock,
Their drink shall lave the mountain rock.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS READERS.

I.

To right and left,—in front, and flank, and rear,
On all and every side I make my bow ;
A new-born author feels almighty queer,
As all who've had experience must allow ;
In dark suspense, between gay hope and fear,
He lists the sentence which the world bestow,—
Like one who waits the verdict of his life,
Or asks a doubtful maid to be his wife.

II.

I've canes and crutches, but they can't defend me
Against that small but powerful foe—the pen ;
Though it killed Keats, I think 'twill never end me—
It wounded White, but ne'er shall be my bane ;
'Twere better far that Byron's ghost should lend me
The weapons which that minstrel wielded, when
He fought the critics without giving quarter,
And mingled gall with Helycon's pure water.

III.

With face all brass, with heart and soul all flint,
That may be true which once an author wrote,
"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print"—
(Excuse me, reader, if sometimes I quote,)
With all due deference, I would humbly hint,
Their author's case alone those words denote:—
But what his motives were—to write what led him,
The reader knows, perhaps, if he has read him.

IV.

Applied to me, I once for all deny it,
To send my book out now gives real pain,
If every man would eulogize and buy it,
I should be pleased, and might, perhaps, be vain;
But if the learned, the fair, the good decry it,
The bard, I trow, cold comfort will obtain:
He had not sinned, but when he scarce could move,
He took to physic, poetry, and love.

V.

He used the first, because he knew no better,
And thinks to spell it, d should precede evil;
But to the last he feels himself a debtor—
Love was so very kind, humane, and civil,

He could not, if he would, resist his fetter;
When these, with sickness, brought him to a level
With Samson, when his famous locks were shorn,
Then, and not till then, was the other born.

VI.

He felt an aching pressure at the heart—
"Write!" something whispered, "there's relief in verse!"
So with strong feeling, but with little art,
He wrote his songs, and thought them good of course;
Then wishing much a pressure to impart,
Not to his breast, but to his empty purse,
He gave to Pegasus the spur and lash,
And sung the songs inspired by want of cash.

VII.

O who will say 'tis not a first rate plan?
Who its success will dare presume to doubt?
Has not Hygeia shown to Hahnemann,
That what will cause disease will drive it out?
Perhaps that some more faith would entertain,
If he had followed Hahnemann throughout,
And not neglected one rule he imposes,
But used the medicine in smaller doses.

VIII.

Youth, grace, and beauty first his Muse inspired,
And Passion found relief and utterance in song;

But had not love the author's bosom fired,
He ne'er had sung; love made his weakness strong;
So if his book has aught to be admired,
The meed of praise will not to him belong;
To those alone the glory should be given,
Who soothed his sorrow and made earth a heaven.

IX.

But if some jaundiced critic shall engage,
With line and rule and microscopic eye,
In weighing every line of every page,
His morbid vision errors may descry;
Of these I claim exclusive parentage,
And all his castigating powers defy;—
Let him not spare—no mercy need be shown—
The faults (for faults there are) are all my own.

X.

But while I make this general confession,
And own my "chips" are not from errors free,
I mean the execution, the expression—
The sentiments will bear close scrutiny;
Printing, not poetry, is my profession,
And though I toiled eight years for a degree,
'Twas not at college, but at Lovell's school,—
So, like the birds, I cannot sing by rule.

XI.

I answer those who ask what could have led
My unfledged Muse to write in Spenser's measure,
First—some great bards had tried and failed, 'twas said;
Next—being sick, I had sufficient leisure;
Third—having nought to lose, I'd nought to dread;
And fourth—it was my sovereign will and pleasure:—
Who seeks more reasons, not content with four,
Must help themselves, or make tracks for the door!

XII.

As maids are housed until they're seventeen,
To finish (!) what is called their education;
As wine long kept will strength and flavor gain,
And speedily produce inebriation—
So, it is said, the children of the brain
Should undergo at least nine years' gestation,
To give full time to blot and beautify—
But mine are published ere the ink is dry.

XIII.

Respecting the short poems I might say,
They were not written for the public eye,
But this a wrong impression would convey,
It seems a want of motive to imply;

But when love bade me sing some amorous lay,
Truth would disown me should I now deny,
The smiles of all, since smiling first begun,
Had pleased me less than the bright smile of ONE.

XIV.

My task is done!—the pains of travail o'er!
Upon the world the minstrel casts his child;
It may be still-born—such have been before;
Or it may live, and living be reviled,
And oft its parent may its birth deplore,
Yet its conception tedious hours beguiled;
Whate'er its fate may be, alive or dead,
A father's blessing rests upon its head.

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